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Comment

Allied Policy in Europe

OUR best hope for a better, or even a humanly tolerable world after this war is for the common people to take things in their own hands in a series of popular revolutions which will be socialist as to economics and democratic as to politics. The chances of anything like that happening in this country in the foreseeable future would seem to be as close to nil as at any time in our history.

The war has brought national prosperity on an unprecedented scale; the cream has naturally gone to big business and the rich, but there has been plenty of milk left over for the workers and farmers; guns *and* butter have been produced, to the surprise of both leftist and conservative prophets. The most recent government figures show that the average weekly earnings of factory workers in March, 1944, were almost double (97% higher) those of January, 1939, and 71% higher than January, 1941. (*Monthly Labor Review*, June, 1944, p. 1271.) In cash terms, weekly earnings rose from $23.19 (1939) to $45.62 (1944). It is true that the cost of living has also increased —how much is in dispute. The Bureau of Labor Statistics says the rise has been 23%, while the C.I.O., on the basis of much research, says it is 45%. *But even if one accepts the C.I.O. figures (as I personally do), there has still been a 52% rise in real wages. In addition, and even more important, practically everybody has a job.* By April of this year, unemployment had been reduced to the statistically incredible figure of 770,000—economists used to assume that, because of factors like labor turnover, unemployment could never sink below the 1,000,000 mark. Retail sales hit an all-time high in 1943, and in the first four months of 1944 were 6.1% above the same period in 1943, after allowing for a 2.9% increase in price (*Survey of Current Business*, June, 1944). That much of this increase was due to buying by low-income families is suggested by the fact, reported in a study of "Consumption Expenditures, 1929-1943" in the same magazine, that by far the biggest increase in expenditures during the war period has been for food.

Politically, as one might expect, the temper of the American masses has rarely been more conservative. The American Civil Liberties Union recently reported: "Up to now there have been but 26 prosecutions by the Federal Government for 'utterances or publications alleged to obstruct the conduct of the war', involving 130 persons, as compared to nearly one thousand such prosecutions involving more than fifteen hundred such persons in the corresponding period in World War I." The Union implies this is due to a more tolerant attitude by the authorities, but, with the Minneapolis case and the current Sedition Trial in mind, I should say it was rather to be explained simply by the much smaller amount of popular opposition to the present war. There was a real mass anti-war movement among the American workingclass last time, led by the Wobblies and by Socialists like Debs; this time the trade union leadership has met with only negligible opposition to its win-the-war drive. The differences between the

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two major parties, tenuous in the 1940 presidential campaign, are becoming positively spectral this year, with Roosevelt pledging no abatement of American sovereignty in postwar foreign relations and the Republicans, to the editorial dismay of the *N. Y. Times*, putting a labor plank in their platform which endorses the Wagner Act and threatens the Little Steel formula. An ideal opportunity for a Third Party movement. Yet the only sign that the common people have any ideas and interests of their own is the formation of the Michigan Commonwealth Federation, which ventured neither to repudiate Roosevelt as the common man's "man" nor to put forward so radical an economic program as its Canadian counterpart has been propagating, with sensational success of late, for a decade.

No, whatever leadership towards social progress may exist in the world, it is not to be found in this country. It is to Europe above all that we must look at present. There four years of war and unbelievable suffering under German occupation have at least cleared away the institutions, ideologies and property rights which Marx called "the muck of ages"; have at least forced the common people to think deeply—or "radically", i.e., in a going-to-the-root-way—about how they can avoid these horrors in the future. Now that D Day has come and the liberation has begun, the question of Europe and the Anglo-American-Russian policies there has become crucial.* Already certain lines can be traced out.

Allied armies are now occupying parts of two major European powers, France and Italy. The experience of Amgot in Italy has shown what should have been understood in the first place: that it is very difficult, and takes a vast amount of manpower, to maintain complete military rule over a foreign country. The cooperation of some sort of native politicians and parties is essential. Even the Nazis, specialists in organized coercion, used Quislings wherever possible. It goes without saying that the Allies have endeavored to build up, as their native collaborators, the most reactionary possible leaders: the fascistic Darlan is preferred to the simple conservative Giraud, and Giraud is preferred to the more opportunistic DeGaulle; the fascist-monarchist Badoglio is preferred to the antifascist-monarchist Sforza, who in turn is infinitely preferrable to the republicans and socialists. But another prime requisite for the "native chiefs" whom the Allied liberators support is a proper flexibility of the spine.

It is because DeGaulle lacks this quality, and not because he is a potential authoritarian leader or because the French people have not been given a chance to choose "freely" their government, that Roosevelt's State Department looks so coldly on his movement. The business about protecting the right of the French people to choose their own government is the same kind of nauseating hypocrisy Roosevelt recently showed when he shed crocodile tears over Hitler's Jewish victims and proudly announced that the great generous American government has agreed to allow just one thousand (1,000) such refugees to enter this country, provided they stay within a special "free port" area and get the hell out the minute the war is over. The lizardlike insensibility, the triple-ply brass of a statesman who can advance such a proposal—and Roosevelt made it clear that the 1,000 refugees to be admitted are *all* that will be let in—with unctuous satisfaction as a great humanitarian action! So too with DeGaulle: where was our tender concern for self-determination in Italy, when our armies propped up with bayonets the unpopular monarchy, and only reluctantly allowed Badoglio to be kicked out after all but one of the Italian parties had repudiated him? No, that cock won't fight. It is DeGaulle's nationalistic intransigence—why is it always the conservatives these days who show boldness and guts?—which makes him *persona non grata* in Washington.

However, DeGaulle hardly needs our sympathy: he has the trump cards and he will probably win whether the Liberators like it or not. On D Day, the Allied command tried to ignore DeGaulle's Committee of National Liberation; the Committee was not informed of the date, and Eisenhower pointedly failed to mention the Committee in his first proclamation to the French people. DeGaulle reacted with characteristic vigor, withdrawing several hundred liason officers his Committee had originally assigned to accompany the Allied forces. Within the next four days, the exiled governments of Belgium, Poland, Luxemburg and Czechoslovakia had all extended formal recognition to the Committee as the "provisional government of the French Republic". The issue was thus clearly drawn between the Big Three and the lesser European powers. On June 14, DeGaulle visited Normandy, landing from a French destroyer, and while there, without consulting the Allies, appointed a Commissioner for Civil Affairs in Normandy. Five days after this bold putsch, calculated to freeze out Amgot, DeGaulle's Committee was invited by the British to open negotiations about the civil status of the "liberated" areas of France. These conversations are by now academic: as things worked out, the Anglo-American military authorities on the spot cooperated closely with the local Gaullists simply because they had to have some kind of local authority running civilian affairs—this is not a revolutionary war, and so the people must not "get out of hand"—and the only alternative to Gaullism was Vichy, which was politically impossible. On June 22, Eisenhower capitulated and reached an agreement with DeGaulle, on the latter's terms, about the 230 administrative liason officers who had been withdrawn on the eve of the invasion. As this is written, DeGaulle has just been received in Washington with honors "almost" those for the head of a state. "General DeGaulle," reports the *N. Y. Times*, "seems about

* I hope the authorities, especially the Department of Justice, will note that POLITICS has followed the President's suggestion that the term "invasion" be avoided and "liberation" used instead. It is a regrettable indication of the uncooperative and unpatriotic attitude of the rest of the American press that in no instance that has come to my notice did a single newspaper, in reporting the inva- that is, liberation, comply with the President's request. POLITICS, however, is always glad to oblige in such small matters, and hopes that it will receive some credit for its cooperation here as an offset to whatever debits it may have incurred on Washington's books.

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to get the substance though not the form of the recognition he once expected."

In addition to its indispensability for the Allied forces in France, the Committee of National Liberation has the advantage of the active good-will of one of the Big Three (England) and the friendly neutrality of another (Russia). The power politics seem to shape up about as follows. England is for DeGaulle because she wants a strong France as a post-war ally on the Continent, and thinks she can make a deal with DeGaulle (probably has done so already). This country is anti-DeGaulle because she needs no such European bulwark and does not want a strong France because, as reported in a sensational story in the *U. S. News*, she wants bases at Dakar and other French colonial points and also wants free access, for trade and exploitation of raw materials, to France's colonial empire, second greatest in the world.* Russia's "hands off" attitude, which contrasts sharply with her former strong support of DeGaulle, was convincingly explained by "Pertinax" in the *N. Y. Times* of June 21:

"Why have they changed? Here is the answer: One year ago they did not yet feel sure that the two great Western powers would see their way to accept Russian leadership in eastern Europe. But, in Teheran, these apprehensions were dispelled. They now are careful not to offend Britain and the United States in western Europe, and, to put it roughly, they expect reciprocal treatment at the other end of the Continent.

"It was to protest against a division of Europe into zones of influence that the Polish Government in London hastened to give the French Committee of Liberation the advantage Soviet Russia had decided to withdraw, although the Poles had been prejudiced against De Gaulle."

The recent course of Anglo-American policy in Italy is also worth following a little. On June 5, as the Allied armies entered Rome, King Victor Emmanuel resigned in favor of his son, Prince Humbert, who became "regent", his father retaining the royal title. Three days later, Humbert and Badoglio arrived in Rome to form a new government. At once five of the six parties in Rome demanded the resignation of Badoglio. In Naples, the representatives of these parties, including the much-advertised Signori Croce and Sforza, had swallowed Badoglio; their Roman colleagues, however, representing a more progressive and politically conscious part of Italy, booted out Badoglio before any one knew what was happening. The only support Badoglio got came from Togliatti, leader of the Communists, who was probably ordered to take this politically suicidal stand because of the Anglo-Russian deal noted above by "Pertinax". Italy is definitely within the British sphere of power, commanding as she does Britain's Mediterranean lifeline, and Churchill has been the chief backer of Badoglio-Emmanuel. As an honorable "Communist"—the term should really be put in quotes when speaking of the Stalin variety—Togliatti had no choice but to support British policy in Italy.

On June 9, twenty-four hours after Humbert and Badoglio had arrived in Rome, a new government had been formed—with the aged Ivanoe Bonomi as premier—which excluded Badoglio. The parties did not even inform Humbert about it until the deed was done. Furthermore, the new ministers refused to take the usual oath of allegiance to the throne, substituting an oath of "loyalty to the fatherland." They announced that a plebescite would be held after the war is over to determine whether Italy will remain monarchist. For ten days the Allies refused to recognize the new Bonomi regime, much as they had tried to ignore DeGaulle after the Normandy landings. But there was really no alternative, also as in Normandy, and on June 19 they recognized Bonomi & Co. (In the interim, the Italian people were rich in at least one commodity, governments, having three of them—Badoglio, Bonomi, and Amgot. They would probably have swapped them all for a plate of spaghetti.) Two questions delayed the recognition: the monarchy, and the armistice terms. The latter was much the more important. It is rather breathtaking, after the democratic rhetoric of our war leaders, to recall that the terms of the armistice on which Italy surrendered to the Allies have never been made public. One can imagine why not. The Allies wanted Badoglio, who had signed the armistice and accepted the terms, included in any new cabinet. This difficulty was apparently finally surmounted when the Bonomi government formally agreed to honor the terms—an act which it takes no great prescience to foresee will not help their political careers in postwar Italy. As for the monarchy, the Allies naturally insisted that this great democratic institution, so well loved by that Italian "common man" who in turn is so well loved by Roosevelt, should be maintained. What the outcome was is not, at this writing, known, although it is reported that Bonomi at least has backed down and taken the oath of loyalty to the king.

A certain pattern, of which the more far-sighted Allied leaders are probably aware, has evolved in the French and Italian situations. Four years of war and German occupation have devastated both the prestige and the actual economic base of the old bourgeois ruling class in Europe. If Roosevelt-Churchill were sincere about letting the people of Europe choose their own forms of government, they would be running the gravest danger of socialist revolution. But of course they are not sincere. Instead, we have a system of "defenses in depth", so to speak, against such an eventuality.

The way it works may be seen most clearly in Italy. Most liberals have criticised the State Department's support of Badoglio and the king on grounds of *realpolitik* as well as morality: it was so frustrating to even the mildest democratic aspirations of the Italian people that it would force them into "anarchy" and "violence"; better to permit them to expend these dangerous energies in building an Italian New Deal. I think, however, the strategy was probably sound, given the State Department's aim of restoring the *status quo ante bellum*. Ever since the Allies landed in Sicily, the great political issue has been: should we keep the king and Badoglio or not? The real issue of "Capitalism or Socialism?" (or, if you will, "Status Quo or Revolutionary Social Change?") has been quite submerged while every one battled it out on a secondary issue: "Monarchic Capitalism vs. Republican Capitalism." And so what we now have in Rome, to the delight of the American liberals (who themselves are also taken in by the maneuver), is a government which would under other circumstances be vigorously attacked from the left, appearing to be a great step forward simply because it has gotten rid of Badoglio and the king. Bonomi himself is a senile third-rate ex-socialist ("Leon Blum is a Lenin compared to him," remarked an Italian friend) who is typical of

* This is part of an emerging pattern of American foreign policy, aimed to break up the colonial empires of her older competitors for world hegemony. Cf. Wallace's recent Chunking statement that Asia "cannot exist half slave and half free", wherefore the U. S. "expects" the British and Dutch to set a date for freeing their Asiatic colonies. Since it has no colonies to speak of, American imperialism is naturally very high-minded about other people's colonies.

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the political bankrupts who paved the way for fascism. He paved it, indeed, in a literal sense, joining with Giolitti in 1920 in giving legal status to Mussolini's Black Shirts, whom he hailed as preservers of law and order, as a counterweight to the workers who were then occupying the factories. On the crucial war issue, Bonomi stands with Badoglio. "We hope to be of real assistance to the Allies," he said on taking office, with the valet-like servility of his kind.

So too in France. By opposing DeGaulle, the Allies have modulated "Socialism or Capitalism?" into "DeGaulle or Amgot (or perhaps even Vichy)?" That DeGaulle is personally reactionary and power-hungry, the very type of military man-on-horseback that has periodically arisen in French politics from Napoleon to MacMahon and Boulanger; that his Committee is a sinister amalgam of militarists, big businessmen, and Stalinists, with socialists and labor representatives as window-dressing; that its policies are ultra-nationalistic and imperialistic, and its internal political organization extremely authoritarian—all of this is forgotten and only the fact that DeGaulle is the uncompromising protagonist of French interests against the rapacity of the Big Three is remembered. If the Allies had supported DeGaulle at once, as the liberals wanted, the primary question, "DeGaulle or Democratic Socialism?" would have at once moved up to the front. As it is, the French underground has been, up to now at least, successfully diverted from considering any such dangerous question, or even developing a critical consciousness of the fascist (nationalism plus authoritarianism) direction of the DeGaulle movement. As between DeGaulle and the State Department, or DeGaulle and Vichy, it has seemed necessary to support the former. Nor does the State Department, in the long run, object to such a strengthening of DeGaulle's hand when the revolutionary alternative to his movement is considered.

These delaying actions now seem to be concluding their first phase. Bonomi and DeGaulle are being accepted by the Allies despite the objections of Churchill in the one case and Roosevelt in the other. Considering the almost complete lack of popular support for the alternatives of Badoglio-Emmanuel and Vichy-Amgot, to have delayed this acceptance so long is a triumph of *realpolitik*. The beauty of the tactic is that it diverts the insurgent energies of the popular parties precisely in the most ticklish period: the transition from German to Allied domination.

With their usual "revolutionary optimism", the American Trotskyists celebrated the downfall of Mussolini last summer with lengthy treatises inscribed "THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION HAS BEGUN!" But the Italian Revolution had *not* begun, and has not yet begun. The Allies have merely, after almost a year, withdrawn to their second line of defense-in-depth: the Bonomi regime. This is not to say that this period will last as long as the first. The instantaneous rejection of Badoglio once the Allies reached Rome indicates the more progressive political temper of Central as against Southern Italy. And once the Allied armies get into the industrialized North, where the proletariat is dominant and where the masses have a living tradition of workingclass socialism, we may hope to see Bonomi kicked out in Milan as unceremoniously as Badoglio was kicked out in Rome.

The Communists offer the worst stumbling-block to any popular revolutionary movement. These fifth columnists in the camp of revolution are much more dangerous than the open enemies. A *N. Y. Times* dispatch from Rome dated June 20 illustrates both the existence of a really revolutionary temper among the Italian masses and also the cynicism with which the Communists exploit this temper. It records the formation, under Communist auspices, of an Italian "Red Army" which claims 58,000 recruits and whose leader, Umberto Carminati, has asked "permission" from the Allied Command to help fight the Germans. When a reporter asked him why "Red Army", Carminati replied apologetically that "the name, 'Red Army', was the only symbol that would attract volunteers from the masses and that that alone was the reason it was being used." Thus the party that supported Churchill on the retention of Badoglio uses the most extreme revolutionary symbol in order to recruit cannon fodder for the Allied armies. Why in God's name a "Red Army" should get itself killed fighting alongside imperialist armies which will be employed later on to fight precisely the kind of socialist revolution a "Red Army" ostensibly exists to defend—this is a problem for the dialecticians of the Kremlin to unravel. It is, however, in all probability an academic question, for it is impossible to visualize the Allied military command getting any closer to anything called a "Red Army" than the reach of the traditional ten-foot pole. (Later reports are that the Communists have given up their attempt to square the circle and have disbanded the "Red Army.")

What course the Italian revolution takes once it has begun depends largely on whether the Italian masses continue to be dazzled by names like "Red Army" and to cherish the illusion that the Soviet Union has a positive connection with socialism, revolution, and workingclass interests. One small and encouraging sign is that the Italian Trotskyists recently issued a revolutionary manifesto, rejecting both sides in the war and calling on the Italian workers to fight for their own interests, which categorically rejected the idea that Russia is any kind of a socialist or workers' state, whether degenerated, shopworn, or slightly chipped.

Southern Discomfort

The War Labor Board has now before it an extremely important case: the application of the Textile Workers Union (CIO) for a wage increase to correct somewhat the present substandard pay of the country's half-million cotton textile workers. These workers are at once the largest single group of manufacturing employees—there are more of them than there are steel or auto workers, for example—and at the same time by far the lowest-paid of any sizable group. Their wages today average about $25 a week, as against a national average of twice that amount—a discrepancy made all the more ironical by the fact that cotton textile workers are rated as "essential war workers" along with ship and plane builders.

The heart of the matter is the low wages paid in the South: eight out of ten cotton textile workers labor in Southern mills, forming much the biggest industrial group in the South. The union's demands are being stoutly resisted by the Southern mills. The records of the War Labor Board hearings held on this case in Atlanta, Ga., this spring show dramatically what any movement for human betterment faces today in the South. The union's research department, headed by Solomon Barkin, presented a brief as long and as heavily documented as any PhD thesis, which it supplemented by an overwhelming weight of testimony as to the abysmal living standards of cotton textile workers.

Confronted with this avalanche of factual evidence, the representatives of the mills exhibited the unlimited capacity for evasion and rationalization characteristic of businessmen touched on the pocketbook nerve. Why don't

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more workers raise vegetables in their "spare time"? Why not keep a pig or two? One union witness was asked why his wife—a semi-invalid—didn't work in the mill too. Another was told he was squandering money by not patronizing the local A. & P.

In his final argument, Major J. P. McLendon, the mill owners' chief legal counsel, disdained such trivial points. He drew a broad picture, in his summary of the mills' case, of a Southern "area economy": a sacred and traditional matter which is based on "historic differences" between Northern and Southern wages. (There were also "historic differences" between Southern and Northern labor practices before the Civil War, and doubtless Major McLendon would in that era have assailed Lincoln's subversive words about the impossibility of a nation existing half slave and half free.) The Major charged that the union's demand for higher wages in the South would seriously damage this "area economy"—which is true enough.

Precisely what this "area economy" means to the Southern mill owners was brought out clearly by the union's lawyer, Isadore Katz, in his cross-examination of Major McLendon:

KATZ: What do you think "substandard" meant when the War Labor Board was ordered to eliminate such conditions?

MCLENDON: Well, cotton textile wages weren't substandard on January 1, 1941, measured by the economy in which the workers live.

KATZ: You mean there never could be substandard wages as long as workers get into an "area pattern"?

MCLENDON: That's right.

KATZ: Then you think that, in spite of the obligation upon the WLB to eliminate substandard living conditions, "substandard" has no meaning at all?

MCLENDON: That's correct.

KATZ: Has substandard any relation to the number of persons in a family who have to sleep in one room?

MCLENDON: If 15 slept in one room, I'd say it would be crowded.

KATZ: How about six in a room?

MCLENDON: That wouldn't necessarily be a substandard condition of living. I'd want to know how the rest of the people in the area lived.

KATZ: And if every one in the neighborhood had to sleep six persons to one room?

MCLENDON: That would not be substandard.

The Major's line of reasoning seems to be based on the assumption that the South is such a backward and barbarous part of these United States that its workers' living conditions cannot be compared with any general conception of an American standard of living. This might appear to be strange doctrine for a loyal Southerner like the Major to be putting forward, but it must be remembered that he, like his clients, is a businessman first and a Southerner second. In this poverty-blasted Southland of the Major's visioning, if only one or two families in a town sleep six to a room, that is "substandard" but if hundreds and thousands do, then it is normal and natural. Similarly, we get the rather surprising result that if only a few Southern workers habitually didn't get enough to eat, that would be a substandard condition which the Major and his mill-owning clients would spare no effort to correct; but since, as the union testimony and brief conclusively proved, hundreds of thousands of textile workers are badly underfed, then this condition becomes "standard" and the Major and his clients will not hear of any interference with it. This is what happens when one adopts, as the Major does, a yardstick based not on human needs but on the very conditions it is supposed to measure, so that it expands or contracts together with what it is measuring. To get the better of a yardstick like this, the union should have tried to show not how prevalent but how extremely rare hunger and poverty are among Southern textile workers.

Dr. Pangloss said it three hundred years ago: "All is for the best in the best of all possible worlds." To which Major McLendon would probably add: 'Provided the historic differences between area economies are respected."

The Poyntz Case Once More

Seven years ago, a woman engaged in undercover Communist Party work disappeared in New York City. She has never been heard of since. It was Carlo Tresca—himself later to fall victim to a political assassination which the New York authorities have failed to solve and which is becoming more and more of a scandal—who told a Grand Jury that this woman, Juliet Stuart Poyntz, shortly before vanishing had expressed disillusionment with the Stalinist movement, in which she had once played a prominent role. He added (a) that shortly before vanishing, Miss Poyntz was seen with a shady character with GPU connections, and (b) that shortly after she disappeared a Soviet freighter sailed from New York to Leningrad.

The Poyntz case has reentered the news after years of oblivion, and in an ironic fashion. When Tresca first accused the Stalinists of disposing of their disaffected agent, he was attacked as a romancer by Elias Lieberman, an attorney connected with David Dubinsky, the anti-Stalinist head of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union. Lieberman maintained old connections with Juliet Poyntz, and was her lawyer at the time of her disappearance. He went to the police only *after* the newspapers had revealed that Poyntz had been missing for about four months. He refused to cooperate with journalists who sought to crack the mystery, refused to ask the FBI to investigate, and decried all who pointed a finger of suspicion at the C.P. Lieberman was content that the New York police turned over the case not to the Homicide Bureau but to the Missing Persons Bureau. To him, anybody who said Juliet Poyntz was dead was, like Tresca, a "romancer." A few weeks ago, Lieberman came into court and asked that Poyntz be declared legally dead. Reason: she left some money and her sister in Ohio wants to get it. One can imagine the cold formality of the plea Lieberman will make at the hearing next fall. Seven years, no word, etc. Not a hint of what in Poyntz's life might have led to her disappearance and death. At the funeral of Carlo Tresca, David Dubinsky declared that Tresca's death must not become another Krivitsky case—i.e., an unsolved political murder. But it has. So has the Poyntz case. Why has Dubinsky permitted his lawyer to behave as he has?

The Free Press, Algiers Style

A reader has sent in a clipping from the June 15 issue of *Free France*, official organ of the DeGaulle movement in New York City, which is, to say the least, suggestive. It is a reproduction, with comments, of the texts of two ordinances on the press adopted by the French Committee of National Liberation, meeting in Algiers on April 15, 1944.

The first ordinance "abolishes all previous censorship regulations relating to political and diplomatic material" —i.e., the system of "preventive censorship" by which the Committee up to then had suppressed dissident political opinion *before publication*. "The Committee," comments

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Free France proudly, "intends to remain faithful to French traditions by reestablishing from now on, one of the fundamental liberties of the Republic: the freedom of the press." It would seem to be a case, however, of one step forward and two steps backward, for the second ordinance, which is much longer and complicated, introduces a series of revisions of the basic press law (of July 29, 1881) which all tend in the same direction, namely, towards stricter control of the press by the State. (The 1881 law itself, by Anglo-American standards, sounds pretty terrific.) To quote *Free France's* gloss:

"The ordinance first of all increases the fines applicable to persons guilty of libel, or the authors of abusive articles, in such a way that these individuals risk a considerable penalty. . . .

"Article III relates to the offense of publishing and reproducing false information, but unlike previous legislation, specifies that the spreading of false news is also a punishable act. Furthermore, this article provides that the spreading of false news which might be of such a nature as to hinder the Nation's war effort is punishable. Finally, it increases the penalties provided under Article 27 of the law of 1881. [The new penalties are: 1 to 5 years imprisonment and fines up to three million francs.—D.M.]

"This Article III . . . makes it permissible to take the author of false news into custody before the trial even if he is a resident in the territory. It has also seemed necessary to be able to impose a severe punishment on newspapers which are guilty of offenses against the security of the State, by suspending their publication."

Thus the second ordinance takes back what the first seems to guarantee. I write "seems" because a reading of the actual text of the first ordinance discloses this remarkable section:

"Article II. The competent authority has the power to prohibit all information and publications that are liable to jeopardize the safety of the armies . . . or, generally speaking, the necessities of National Defense."

This is speaking generally indeed! What is "false news"? What "hinders the Nation's war effort"? What are "the necessities of National Defense"? We may be sure that those in control of "the Nation" (i.e., of the French Committee of National Liberation) will have one answer and their political opponents another. And who can say which is the correct answer to such vague questions? As to the *effective* answer, backed up by confiscatory fines, prison terms and outright suppression, there can be little doubt. Nor can those who come out on the wrong end of such dialectics even hope for the elementary right of having the controversy made public. "It is also advisable when punishing these offenses," notes *Free France*, "to avoid trials, which an exaggerated publicity makes dangerous."

Such is the totalitarian atmosphere in which the DeGaulle movement operates. A committee should be set up to liberate the Committee of National Liberation.

Salmagundi

● In his article, "The Haitian Pilot-Plant" in the March POLITICS, Frank Freidel, after outlining the history of Roosevelt's "Good Neighbor" policy in that badly exploited island, concluded: "We may have in Haiti the pattern for the 'World of the Four Freedoms'." Neat confirmation of this prophecy appears in Forrest Davis' "What Really Happened at Teheran" (*Saturday Evening Post*, May 13, 1944):

"The President conducted at Teheran a seminar, for Stalin's benefit, in the Good Neighbor policy. Tracing the improvement in inter-American relations since we abandoned dollar diplomacy . . . he stressed the advantages accruing to us as the only great power in the hemisphere . . . The president recommended the policy for strong powers paramount in their regions, such as the United States in the new world, and the Soviet Union, presumptively, in Eastern and Northern Europe."

● I am constantly impressed by the vulgarity and triviality of our present political leaders. Burke, Robespierre, Jefferson, Lenin, Wilson—all these politicians of the past, of the most varied creeds, rose grandly to the historical occasion. Smuts, Hitler, Churchill, even the frenetic Mussolini in our own times generally maintain a certain level. But the American politicians in this war are small men in a big situation, their tone commonplace, their "style" atrocious. The best that Roosevelt could do on the occasion of the entry of the Allies into Rome was a sporting banality: "The first of the Axis capitals is now in our hands. One up and two to go!" Senator Connally, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, recently opened an important debate on foreign policy: "This is a great world question and I do not wish to treat it from a peanut attitude." But the most naked revelation of personal quality was provided by the Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States, who recently greeted some newspapermen, on his return from a military inspection, in the following elegant terms:

"My goodness, I did not expect to see so many familiar faces. . . . We have been riding around in jeeps and you should have been there. If you had been, your piles would have gotten the best working over they will ever get." (*Time*, June 5, 1944.)

I should like to suggest that a man capable of such a statement in public is a man incapable of making history.

● A most impressive tribute to the Italian national temperament was paid by the aged philosopher, Santayana, who was interviewed in his Roman retreat after the Allies had taken the city. "The trouble with applying fascism to Italy," he observed, "is that the people are undisciplined. They often make good fascists from 18 to 25, but after that they become individualists again. One can say that they are not on a high enough social level to become good fascists." This remark tells us as much about Santayana as it does about the Italian people.

● Let us not despair. World War III can be avoided! Two recent news dispatches bring encouraging news of the peaceful settlement of boundary and economic disputes —and all without the impairment of sovereignty. They are as follows:

WASHINGTON, June 5 (AP): An agreement between New York and Rhode Island, dividing the waters of Block Sound, continued its smooth sailing through Congress today, with unanimous House approval sending it to the Senate.

WASHINGTON, June 9 (AP): The diplomats of seven nations have agreed that one blue whale equals 2½ humpback whales. Likewise one blue is the equivalent of two fin whales or six sei whales. The table of whale values is set down in a protocol signed by the Governments of the United States, Great Britain, South Africa, Australia, Canada, New Zealand and Norway, regulating the taking of whales, as soon as the war ends and the whalers can go back to work.

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● *Funny Coincidence Department:* The May issue of this magazine contained an article by myself, "The Only Really Moral People", criticising the political ethics of the Socialist Workers Party. On June 8 the Socialist Workers Book Shop, at 160 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill., wrote in: "We wish to cancel our order for monthly bundles of your magazine."

● A question that has long troubled me is: Why is Max Lerner? The answer has finally dawned on me. I suggest that both his tremendous popularity and his tremendous ineffectuality can be explained by a single basic trait: he always sees at least two sides, often three and four, to every question; and not only sees them but dares to act on his convictions, all at once in the same article. This explains his popularity, since only the most inhuman monster could not find something to agree with in a Lerner editorial. It also explains his ineffectuality, since the reader is never sure, after getting down to the end, just what in hell Lerner wants him to do about it. The foregoing illumination burst on me after reading a Lerner editorial in *P.M.* on "Real Issues in the German Future". In this he pays tribute, in the mellifluous and heartwarming manner of all Lerner Tributes, to Reinhold Niebuhr and Paul Hagen, who think the German people are OK and should be allowed to work out their own salvation after the war, and also to Rex Stout and Kip Fadiman, who think shooting is too good for the Germans. They're all of them jolly good fellows, sincere democrats ("Rex Stout can be as eloquent a champion of FDR and the New Deal as any one I have heard") and there is much to be said for both points of view. ("Everybody has won," said the Dodo, "and all must have prizes.") He adds "one final word" to the effect that we must "grasp the realities of postwar Germany" and not go "chasing the phantoms." Lerner has been called a Totalitarian Liberal. Futilitarian would be better.

● I have always had a sneaking admiration for the editors of a tiny mimeographed journal called *Proletarian Outlook* who once asked the usual leftist question, "What can be done?" and answered it unexpectedly: "Nothing, absolutely nothing." That was June, 1940, and the editors showed they were in earnest by folding up their paper. It was a historic moment in leftwing history. The smaller the sect, the more grandiosely optimistic it usually is. The Revolution, like Mr. Hoover's Prosperity, is always just around the corner. The other day, for example, the current issue of *International News* (mimeographed) came into the office. *International News* bears on its flimsy cover the following awesome inscription: *"Issued by the Revolutionary Workers League for the International Contact Commission. Affiliates: Central Committee of the Red Front of Greater Germany; Revolutionary Workers League of the U. S.; Leninist League of Great Britain."* Its lead article was headed, quite simply: "May Day Manifesto, 1944, of the International Contact Commission for a Fourth (Communist) International." This history-heavy document began: 'TO THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD, TO THE OPPRESSED IN ALL COUNTRIES, TO THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS." It ends in the usual spume of slogans: "THROUGHOUT THE WORLD ALL POWER TO WORKERS' COUNCILS! HANDS OFF ITALY! DEFEND THE SOVIET UNION DESPITE AND AGAINST STALINISM! FOR A NEW FOURTH (COMMUNIST) INTERNATIONAL!" The experienced manifesto-reader can easily fill in the text between these termini for himself.

The Brewster Shut-Down

Gabriel J. De Angelis

FOR the past two years the American citizen has been told that the problem of post war planning is as simple as a first-grade primer. All we need is vision, courage and confidence in the ability of big business and government to get things rolling. The word "planning" through much usage has assumed an aspect of reality, of being a scientific solution to a problem which, as a matter of fact, no one has really studied.

Hardly a day goes by when some newspaper does not carry a sizable ad which outlines how some corporation or other has not merely won the war through its ingenuity, but how it will win the peace as well — and make for prosperity during the peace. Concurrently, Washington releases news of the Baruch-Hancock report, the Kilgore bill, the George bill and a host of other plans all supposedly designed to take care of the question once and for all. And apparently they are all excellent and workable plans; for it is a fact that they never return from the heaven to which they and their virtues are extolled. It seems reasonable to assume that a wise providence, sensing their value, adopts them, part and parcel, for His own use.

And as a living, cold testament to the fact that bombast has been utilized as a substitute for intelligent planning is the Brewster case, involving 13,500 *men and women unceremoniously removed from their war jobs in a labor area which is far from critical. That such a large corporation, building the vitally needed Corsair planes, should have been closed down with barely forty-eight hours notice is an indication both of the callousness of certain Navy officials and of the lack of a rational termination procedure.*

Ostensibly, there were four reasons which motivated the cancelling of the Navy contract with the company. (1) A general cut-back in the type of plane which was being produced. (2) The management's poor production record. (3) The excessive cost of the product. (4) A union whose collective bargaining agreement with the company robbed the management of too many of its prerogatives. Not a single one of these counts stands up under careful and honest scrutiny.

(1)

It is true that a cut-back in the Navy's schedule for Corsair planes proved necessary, but it is equally true that

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the Brewster contract did not have to be cancelled in its entirety. Since it is a fact that two other war plants are still manufacturing the same fighter plane, it is no more than reasonable to assume that the termination could have been spread over a period of several months in order to give the workers the opportunity to find new positions, and the company the necessary time in which to seek other contracts. This was not done; and so we must come to one of two conclusions. Either the Navy officials responsible didn't give a tinker's damn about the repercussions upon the workers and the management, or they were too stupid to analyse the situation correctly.

(2)

The charge that the management had a poor production record is fantastic. From December, 1943, to June, 1944, the company exceeded the production schedule *set by the Navy* each and every month. As a matter of fact *both the WPB and the Navy sent congratulatory messages to the plant, indicating complete satisfaction with the work which was being accomplished.* That action certainly doesn't jibe with "reason" No. 2.

Of course reference may have been made to the production record of the company prior to December, 1943. If that is so, then the Navy is on sound ground. The Brewster corporation certainly had a bad production record between April, 1942 and November, 1943. The only thing wrong in this contention is the fact that during that period the Navy, in effect, was running the plant to suit itself. It selected the president of the corporation and it selected also those individuals who held in escrow the voting control of the majority of the stock which the then management had to surrender after the plant was taken over by the Government in 1942.

(3)

The assertion that the product manufactured by Brewster cost more than the same product manufactured in two other plants is an honest one on the face of it. But here again, logic was either deliberately ignored, or not recognized. For it is a fact that the cost of a product cannot be judged statically. There is a definite relationship between the amount produced and the cost per unit. Two facts lead us to the conclusion that had the Navy allowed the company to continue for an additional few months, the cost per ship would have been the lowest in the field. In the first place, the man hour cost had been reduced from twenty nine thousand hours per plane in December, 1943 to nine thousand hours per plane in June, 1944. And the charts were spiraling downward.

Secondly, it is significant that when the other companies in the field had produced a number of ships equal to the number that had been produced by Brewster at the time of the contract termination, the unit cost for those companies was far in excess of that at Brewster.

(4)

The final allegation that the management had a collective bargaining agreement which was too stringent is both absurd and vicious. The union contract is an excellent one from the workers' point of view. It establishes wage rates, hours and conditions of work which on an over all basis are second to none. But that does not mean that it is unworkable as charged, because it certainly worked well before the Navy took over the plant in 1942, and worked well again after the plant was turned over to Henry Kaiser in November, 1943.

Since this is true, it is inescapable that the charge was made because of some ulterior motive. *Significantly, only the Navy managements had trouble with the union, only the Navy managements couldn't get along with the leadership, couldn't apply intelligently the clauses of the contract to the exigencies which arose from time to time.*

The myth about a recalcitrant union was given national publicity by a sub-committee of the Vinson Naval Affairs Committee. This group, set up in November, 1943 to determine the reasons for the production failures at Brewster, conducted an investigation which proved to be almost a complete sabotage of justice. The gentlemen assembled went out of their way to hit the union witness with everything but the proverbial kitchen sink.

In particular, the committee maligned and slandered Thomas De Lorenzo, president of the Brewster local, forcing the federal district attorney in New York to try him for perjury on trivial charges. And this after De Lorenzo had been promised immunity. Certain committee members, in addition, bent every effort to put another union witness into the army for his crime of having had the gall to tell the "investigators" that they were not conducting a fair and impartial hearing.

This committee laid all responsibility at the door of labor—one of its members remarking: "Now those labor loafers up there will have to go to work."

. . . . .

But the workers at Brewster did not take it lying down. As soon as the termination was announced, the union swung into action. Every peaceful avenue was tried. Washington was contacted, the ridiculousness of the situation was pointed out, an additional contract was asked for—all to no avail. The brass hats stood firm. The fact that the plants would shut down because it seemed unlikely that other work could be obtained mattered not at all; the fact that 13,500 men and women would be thrown out of work mattered even less. When the plight of the workers was pointed out to Ralph Bard, Ass't Sec. of Navy, he stated, "Let them pack up and go elsewhere."

As a result, the union took the only other avenue open to it — militant action. On May 29th, 1944, the workers staged a demonstration which was designed as a strike-to-work.

Six thousand men and women who were laid off immediately after the cancellation of the contract was announced failed to leave the plants. Many decided, instead, to remain behind helping those who were engaged in building a few remaining planes. They did this without pay. Others simply sat around, or sang songs, or played games —making certain not to interfere with the work going on and maintaining strict discipline at all times. Still others threw a picket line around the plants, announcing to the world that Brewster was closing. These pickets carried signs: "IS THIS POST WAR PLANNING?", "IS THIS WHAT MY HUSBAND IS FIGHTING FOR?",

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"GEN. ARNOLD CLAIMS WE NEED PLANES IN DETROIT, HOW ABOUT LONG ISLAND CITY?". "WE HAVE THE TOOLS, WE HAVE THE MEN, WE HAVE THE WILL, BUT WE AIN'T GOT THE WORK."

The device was simple; its success exceeded even the most optimistic expectations. Over-night the Brewster case took on national significance. Newspaper and radio played up every aspect of the "stay-in." The uniqueness of the demonstration was news. And so it was that what the union officials could not accomplish through peaceful means was achieved. Washington sat up and took notice.

President Roosevelt told reporters at a press conference that the contract had been cancelled too hastily, and that some type of war work would be found for the idle plants. James Byrnes, Economic Stabilization Director set about contacting the various agencies to insure some kind of contract. The Navy was asked to allow the company to produce an additional one hundred and fifty planes. The Murray-George Committee conducted an investigation and concluded that the termination had been too rapid. And because of all this activity, Richard Frankensteen, vice-president of the United Automobile Workers-CIO who had been conducting most of the negotiations, asked the men and women involved in the "sit-in" to leave the plants.

Brewster workers left, expecting that within a few days they would be called back to work. After all, there was still a war to be won, there was an invasion in the making; surely their productive power was needed. And, most promising of all, hadn't the President himself stated that the plants would be returned to some kind of production? These people surely had every reason to remain hopeful.

But a full month and a half has passed since then. The Brewster plants are still idle; some of the men and women, disillusioned, have wandered off into a few jobs that existed in the area, others are making the weary rounds in search of employment, while a few others are still awaiting the miracle which will reopen the plants and put them back to work.

The picture looks black indeed. The responsible officials apparently have made up their minds.

The general public has no idea of the terrific dislocation which the closing of Brewster has perpetrated on the thousands of workers involved. The War Manpower Commission stated there were 1,000 jobs waiting for the 9,000 Brewster workers who were laid off in Long Island City. It was swell propaganda, but it did not coincide with fact. For the jobs existing in the area were by no means plentiful, and *those which did exist paid wages which averaged from thirty to fifty cents per hour below those which prevailed at Brewster, which in turn amounted only to a living wage.*

Also wrested from these workers were the many gains which the union had won for them through the years. Such things as decent conditions of work, vacations with pay, holidays with pay, sick leave, seniority and the host of other benefits which a wide-awake union is skillful enough to attain. Most important, these workers lost the dignity which comes from being members of an efficient union of their own choosing.

. . . . .

The past two years have witnessed a modern miracle. American production, accelerated to a pitch considered almost impossible a few short months ago, has poured forth a tremendous stream of the materials of war. It is a record of which labor in particular may well be proud. But these workers must not be left with the feeling that it is only in periods of national emergency that they can be assured of a minimum of the good things in life.

American labor, as indicated by the Brewster case, faces a grave danger. For unless our nation's capacity for production is fully utilized and intelligently channeled into the field of peace-time production, the impact of economic hardships which will follow the war's end will be serious beyond imagining.

Under the Lid

HAS Nazism destroyed all intellectual independence, have all German writers, educators, artists, been "gleichgeschaltet?" An answer to this question is of extreme political and not merely of cultural importance. We know almost nothing of the trends of thought among German intellectuals in recent years, and our complete isolation and lack of knowledge have facilitated the task of those who spread the myth of the end of German culture. Little professors from the Middle West already dream of their post war mission, to bring culture and education to the German barbarians.

It has become a fashion to summarize intellectual life under Nazism under the heading of Johst's famous phrase: "If I hear the word 'culture', I draw my revolver." But not all German intellectuals are Johsts; culture has shown an astounding resilience. Reprints of German classical authors have been amazing popular successes. Many, undoubtedly, have adopted an attitude of cynical despair, many have given in to the anti-rationalistic trends typical of all totalitarian regimes. But a very cursory examination of official and censored publications reveals how often desperate efforts have been made to smuggle an occasional oppositional thought into the official press. One is not likely to find this in the large organs for mass reading, but rather in the smaller publications destined for a restricted reading public. The best-known attempt at such hidden opposition was the amazingly successful romantic novel *On the Marble Cliffs* by Ernest Juenger, published in 1940*—a bitter satire on Nazism in only thinly veiled allegorical terms.

This book, however, is by no means the only attempt. History seems to provide the most favorable field for such veiled attacks on the regime. A number of studies on the reasons for the failure of Robespierre's terror were published lately. A recently published biography of the German 16th century humanist Sebastian Franck is extremely revealing. To our knowledge this is the first biography of Franck in very many years. Franck was—to put it in modern terms—a figure at the extreme left of the Reformation movement. To choose him as the subject of a historical study is significant in itself. Franck had left not only the Catholic Church but had also renounced Luther and the other Reformers because he opposed their authoritarian principles and totalitarian methods. He furthermore wrote the first—and also one of the best—German anti-war books in which he accused the Emperor's lans-

* See Werner Bloch's review in Partisan Review, July, 1942.

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quenets in the most vigorous terms. This man is certainly not the appropriate hero for a Nazi writer in this fifth year of war.

Mr. Peukert, the author of the biography, stresses that Franck, living in a period in which the culture of the past broke down, escaped to history—he wrote the first history of Germany—while most of his contemporaries believed in the decline of all culture. Most striking, however, are Peukert's remarks that, although in the fight between Franck and Luther history gave victory to the ideas of the latter, one should remember the sentence of the German philosopher and doctor Paracelsus, that always he who has been slain was right. Is it possible to say more against Hitler in one phrase?

Far more obvious is the political content in a newly developed theory on the decline of the Roman Empire. The official Nazi explanation for the decline of Rome is that it was caused by the mixture of races. A professor Franz Altheim (Halle) has published an article entitled "The Roman Reich and the Crisis of the Reich," in the October 10 and 20, 1943 issues of *Forschungen und Fortschritte,* an academic publication. Altheim states that Carthage, after the second Punic war, the Barkides in Spain and the Celts in the North constituted a sort of defense wall against the invasion of other races, while they themselves constituted no danger. But the imperial aspirations of Rome made for further expansion. Thus not only all forces of the Empire had to be directed into expansionist channels, but the internal structure of the Empire was undermined as well. The irrepressible drive to expand the Empire to the limits of the whole civilized world eventually made for catastrophe. At the end, there were no longer any small buffer states to protect Rome from the drive of new barbarian peoples. True that many fortified defenses had been erected, but these defenses proved inadequate. The heavy losses caused a rapid decline of the peasant population. ". . . Expansion and crisis are not only following each other, they condition each other; there is never the one without the other . . ." ". . . The army was perpetually tied to the frontiers. Manpower reserves were continually depleted. It was attempted to use slaves as a temporary stop-gap, but the lack of any adequate reserves proved the most decisive error." The labor market was flooded with slaves and war prisoners and the money market with war contributions and reparations; this led to the expropriation of the small peasant holdings and to the growth of large scale latifundia. This, in turn, meant a social revolution which brought in its wake destruction of freeholding peasants and influx of ever more foreigners into the army. Thus collapse became finally inevitable.

Some more examples were recently quoted by Josef Kaskel in a Chilean German language paper *Deutsche Blaetter* (No. 11, 1943). The *Neue Rundschau* (1941, page 303) reprints a letter from Friedrich Hoelderlin to his brother: "That Robespierre had to be beheaded seems only just and may have beneficial consequences. If the two angels Humanity and Peace will return to earth, then mankind certainly will prosper." Another literary magazine states in a review of a book by Stegemann: "War can no longer solve problems. It was only because of the disastrously bungled peace treaty that it could not be abandoned completely as a political means."

The *Deutsche Rundschau* of May 1940, quotes Schiller: "The state is never a goal, it is important only as a means for the attainment of the purposes of mankind, and this goal is none other than the development of all potentialities of mankind, i.e. progress!". The article then goes on to criticize the Spartan ideal of the state. Lycurgus's laws have no regard for love or amity, they ask for inhumanity toward the slaves; this is a society resembling the ant-states.

The *Neue Rundschau* (1941, p. 219) on the other hand praises Solon; he realized the necessity of two harmonious spheres of being: individual life and collective life. The condition for both is a harmonious development of the personality. Political freedom for Solon was the holiest of all values. "A disregard of the law creates lawless conditions and nobody can escape the consequences. And suddenly a tyrant rises amidst the general insecurity to gag bloodily state and citizens alike."

The revulsion of American intellectuals in face of the Nazi war on culture was commendable and healthy, but if this is now utilized thru subtle channels for official or unofficial war propaganda it becomes repulsive. After all, between prostitution to Hollywood and prostitution to the Nazi state there is a difference in degree but hardly in kind. The above random quotations may help to indicate that, as not every American intellectual is willing to sell his integrity to the mills of Hollywoodization, thus quite a few German intellectuals have not given in to the Nazi myth.

WERNER BLOCH AND LOUIS CLAIR

The War of Tyrants

WARS can't go around nameless, or people will say: "Bastard of a war", which would give aid and comfort to the enemy. This is why President Roosevelt has been looking for a suitable name to be given to this foundling war, reputedly a collective offspring of many statesmen, diplomats, and even (shall we say it?) high dignitaries of this or that Church.

The President didn't like the name World War II. He was right. It sounds too much like the colorless successor to a king, who must be distinguished by a number, or no one will know that he exists. World War I, the Founder of the Dynasty of modern Crusades, was also a "War to End Wars," "Against Aggression", "For Democracy" and all that. It had exactly the same titles of nobility as this war. Something had to be done to give the new war a personality of its own. So the President said: We shall name it the "War of Survival." Well, as things go in a democracy, no sooner had the words: "SURVIVAL WANTED" appeared in the papers, than there was a terrific competition for survival from all parts, and of course those with more aggressiveness (a quality so dear to Americans), who were experts at surviving, won the title. One of them did not survive: Darlan. But in fairness to the President it must be said that it was not his fault. He was terribly upset by the assassination. Others, however, survived and do to this day, and will even after the war, if De Gaulle is not accepted in the tyrants' club. Two centuries of liberal ideals were sold down the river to gain fifteen minutes (Time was saved), and lives were saved too, so that those whose lives had been saved could see that it did not pay to lose them just for crazy ideals. This was the time when the hang-back boys began to say hell this is not the war of survival, it's the survival of the war.

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And the name could no longer be used. So, while the foundling had not yet been given legal status, his succession was secured, and everybody spoke freely about the uniforms of the future Waacs and Waves, and other interesting fashion items of World War III.

The quest for a name being now open again, millions sent in their suggestions, but none seemed to satisfy the exacting godfather. Some said let's call it "World War Jr." it is more American, and just as dynastic as "World War II." But the Godfather wanted something original. Here are some of the names, picked up at random from the incoming mail: "Total War", (War Against and For Fascism); "A & P War" (Atlantic and Pacific War); "Global War" (The War that Goes Round & Round); "Black & White War" (War of Light vs. Darkness).

However, all these names, and even better ones were rejected by the President, who said to his Press Conference that one should no longer speak of Invasion but only of Liberation. Which was an unmistakable sign that he meant it, and the Liberals, who are always grateful for any reference to Liberty, because they put it in their scrapbook, were very much elated by the news. The situation seemed almost desperate when one Jesse H. Snyder was visited by an inspiration in Murfreesboro, Tenn., and sent it in by first class mail: *WAR OF TYRANTS.* "This will do," said the President with joy, and the former schoolteacher, according to the *N. Y. Times*, "suffered a heart-attack when he heard that his proposal was favored by President Roosevelt." We can only hope that he will never know how right he was.

Now let's see: WAR OF TYRANTS. How true and also how original. If all other living statesmen will work as hard as that for Posterity, those lucky descendants of ours will have nothing on which to exercise their minds. Imagine how many good things they are going to get from us: A World Police Force, which will put a ban on the game of training to become a peril to the World. The W.P.F. or World Police Force will be the only authorized Peril to the World, and that will take care of all future imperialist ambitions. Then they will get: Peace, Decency, Milk, Free Enterprise and American Products for All Eternity to Come. But besides being free of all the worries of our unhappy generation, our descendants will even be spared the trouble of finding names for the wars we are waging in their honour. All they will have to do is to acknowledge that History was not only made for them, but also bottled and labeled right in the factory! Since everybody is taking the jobs away from Posterity, let us spare them the trouble of counting those Tyrants:

Number One is of course Hitler.

Stalin comes second. He is for Spontaneity At All Costs, which means that whoever shows the slightest sign of hypocrisy or half-heartedness is mowed down right away. Only the Purest Liberty Lovers shall survive.

Third is the Son of a Sun in Japan, who is never mentioned as a Tyrant. The official Bad Man there is Tojo.

Fourth is Churchill, with his stubborn respect for other peoples' rights to choose their own leaders. He wants the choice to take place in a state of complete mental relaxation, not under the influence of passions. But during this cooling-off period the memory of the hated fascist dictators must not be allowed to disappear, and this is why Churchill wants all the worst henchmen of those dictators to remain in power in the liberated countries. They are experts, they will know better than anyone else how to re-enact the crimes committed by them in the past. Of course this is only a clever educational device, a kind of long-term vaccination. The usual arm-chair strategists have already criticised this practice as unfair, but there are good reasons for insisting on it. One is that people are apt to forget bad times too easily. Another is that the greatest lovers of liberty have always lived and meditated in captivity. It would be unwise and dangerous to try and change the laws of history, and Mr. Churchill has given enough proofs of statesmanship to ask that the people trust his judgment more than their own. His judgment dictates that all the various liberty lovers be allowed to remain in a state of semi-captivity until their education, and the memoirs they are writing, are completed. Some of the most moving documents of future literature would be lost forever to posterity if the people were allowed to have their own way now.

Churchill's theory "Win the war first, then open your eyes and see for whom you've won it," is not only an adaptation for adults of the old nursery game known as "Musical Chairs," It is also and above all a genuine expression of Churchill's inborn sense of fair play. Name-calling and vague criticism will not do. If the people don't place all their confidence in him, how can they claim that he has ruined them? In a democracy things must be proven, everybody must be given a chance.

And now let's see: Who else could be called a tyrant? Roosevelt. But he, too, is a tyrant for the good of the people. He must protect the French from De Gaulle, whose only merit is that he refused to collaborate with the Germans. Why he did no one can understand. After all, everybody collaborated with the Germans. The Bank of England had for years. Some of the largest industrial concerns in the U. S. did, Stalin did, brave little Finland who pays debts still does, Spain, Portugal, and many people who are now bravely collaborating with the Allies have just graduated in collaboration at a Nazi school. Why did De Gaulle think he was a better man because he fought the Germans? Now he claims that he represents France. Suppose the French are allergic to his face? Who can protect them but Roosevelt, a true Frenchman, who was elected President of the U. S. *only* because he is a Frenchman? And who is going to protect France from internal strife if not the Vichy policemen, who had such a wonderful training these four years against the enemies of order? In Italy it's the same thing: the *Carabinieri*, the only existing body of experts at persecuting and killing the enemies of the State, are of course the only ones who can assist the former World's Fair receptionist Mr. Hume in his strenuous task of bringing liberty to the country.

There are other tyrants too, smaller ones, former subtyrants of Hitler, now subtyrants for the other Big Three. One of them is the King of Italy, and his Royal successor (number two of the series "Humbert"), who have been presented with the anti-Mussolini side of the war. The Italian liberals had to take an oath of allegiance to them

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if they wanted to do some thing for the war effort of the good Tyrants. (And they were silly enough to want to.) The War is the King's. There are complications, because the King-Badoglio structure has crumbled, but this is not the fault of the Big Three and of their Coalition-cabinet Makers. It's the fault of the people, who are always in a hurry to do things, and who fail to see that while collaboration with a Nazi Badoglio is dishonorable, collaboration with a post-Nazi Badoglio, who has one more treason on his conscience, is honorable indeed, and whoever doesn't go in for it is a traitor.

Well, and then we have Mussolini, the little Duce, who was once Glamor-Boy Number One in the Social Register of Tyrants, and whom Churchill extolled as a much greater man than Washington and Cromwell put together. Roosevelt, too, wanted so much to have him in the Club with Franco and Salazar and other obedient servants of whoever holds the knife by the handle. Too bad he didn't accept! We would now be able to greet him as the Dean of Tyrants! Sad fate of a people! It's always an Italian who has the brilliant idea, and then others exploit it!! The same misfortune befell one Christopher Columbus years ago.

Then there is the little fool of Yugoslavia, (Number Two of the series "Peter"), who is trying to ride on Tito's back as he rode on the back of the fascist Michailovitch up to a few days ago.

And there is the great Nazi-worshipper King of Greece, (Number two of the series "George") who had been rejected by a group of horrible Greek people whom Churchill well described in his last speech as being "of course against the King." (Imagine, what a crime!) These vulgar people were trying to transform this war into a war *against* tyrants, thus upsetting again the legal status of the Foundling. But Mr. Churchill's soldiers gave them a lesson in the proprieties. Unfortunately, in the process of teaching these scoundrels that it doesn't pay to go about stealing Holy Causes from their rightful Owners and Operators, a British officer was killed. "And this fact," said the same ineffable Churchill in the same recent speech of his, "cannot be overlooked." It is to be hoped that H.M.'s Government will pay tribute to the Supreme Sacrifice (as they call it) of this fighter for Liberty (as they call them); by dedicating to him an inscription: *FALLEN IN THE WAR OF TYRANTS.*

NICCOLO TUCCI

Green Ashes

David T. Bazelon

AFTERNOON. The leaves of trees along side-streets are ruffled and warmed by a slow hot wind, while the bricks, car-tracks, the signs and store-fronts of Howard Street (usually busy, but now lazy) are made bright and still by a sun burning uncontrollably. On the thoroughfares, only the rattle of street-cars and El-trains raises the sound of subdued life above a low hum. The rushing rattle and clang of these mechanical vehicles—so incongruous—seem like the shrieks of a smothered city. Widely-spaced along the curbs of smaller streets there stand prim, square-bodied automobiles, sedately setting their tire-prints in the mushy asphalt.

Howard Street is the dividing line between Chicago, which is designed for middle-sized business, and where even the residential districts have the feel of unsophisticated commercialism — this on the south, and Evanston on the north. In Evanston begins a visible, self-conscious effort toward a suburban respectability settled beyond the tide of dollars. Proceeding north through Winnetka, Glencoe, Highland Park, and so on, homes become more and more drenched with ivy, choked with shrubs, and contorted with carefully rambling curves.—But then escape seldom does more than to add extra baggage: the meaning of the monster city, however, cannot be hidden beneath ivy and shrubs, and carefully rambling curves.

Marshfield Avenue (several crossings north of Howard Street) is still fronted with undraped apartment-buildings. One of these, out of sound of the El-trains, sharp and brick and watery yellow, is shaped like a horseshoe and encloses a courtyard dumped full of bushes and grass, and small cement walks.

In the year nineteen-twenty-six (one of many lost between two wars), on a Saturday afternoon in June, while the crowds of Chicago pour toward the cool waters of the lake. . . .

Mrs. Freeman had planned a shopping trip to the Loop for this afternoon. Of course Donald and Ethel would be taken along. (The boy was four-years-old, the girl eight.) Dress Ethel in fresh gingham and small white anklets; outfit Donald in his blue cotton suit with the white ruffles around the edges. I will wear my new seersucker dress and carry a white purse.

With the windows up and the kitchen door standing open, the apartment was pleasant and cool, although the sun outside shone strongly. Donald ran into his mother's bedroom, clothed only in a clean union-suit and socks: "Momma, can we go to the toy-place, too?" (The bedroom was darkened by the lowered shades, which carried an orange-yellow light while flapping gently in front of the raised windows.)

She became conscious, as usual, but mechanically, of his round, eager face, tinted in reds and pinks; and of his —she thought—pretty blond bangs. This is my son, said her nerves.—But she was having difficulties with her corset. "Donald, if we ever get out of the house, I'll take you to

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see the toys again—yes! But not unless you're a good boy . . . and sit still until . . . momma . . . gets dressed." She let out her breath as completely as she could, and tried to squirm intelligently. "Augh!—Oh, go see what Ethel's doing! . . . or something," she cried sharply, having pinched herself with a corset-hook.

Although he had stood in the doorway fascinated by the corset-procedure—and was still gaping,—Donald backed slowly out of the room, afraid that his mother might become really angry. Then he turned and scampered down the hall to the other bedroom, intending to tell his sister of all that he had seen. But entering the room he bumped his head against the door-frame; and receiving sympathy from Ethel, accepted his advantage, began to cry.

Later, to be rid of his noise, Mrs. Freeman sent Donald out of the house. She thought she would write a letter or two before going downtown.

"Donald, call for your little friend next-door, and go out and play in the courtyard for awhile. But be sure to stay close to the house, and don't get yourself all dirty. I'll be down soon, and then we'll go to the 'toy-place'. But now run along."

She heard the sound of his little fists knocking loudly on her neighbor's door. (They were the Laskys, whose small son also was named Donald.)

When he had passed through the doorway to call for Donald Lasky, she had seen a flash of gold, blue, quick arms and legs; then the quiet, colorless door had closed. She took up her pen to write the letters.

Donald Lasky was larger and a year older than Donald Freeman. But the latter did not accept distinctions because of this. Their play, in fact, was often warped or even blocked by the competitive friction which had sprung up between them. This friction held them together, as much as anything else, after their mothers had pushed them together. (The parents thought it cute that the two boys had the same first names and correct, therefore, that they should be constant playmates.)

Just now, the contrast between the two seemed great: the smaller boy, with his sissy suit and bobbed hair, looked like an over-grown, overly-aggressive little girl—all in all, much too clean and rosy. The other Donald wore old over-alls; his face was dirty; and the hair on his too-small head was cut short.

The boys played "adventure," although they themselves had no name for it. But this proved no hindrance because the activity required not a name, but intent hunters who could be crafty to a fine degree,—little children able to people empty space with creatures and things of mystery. Dense with configurations and growing things, the courtyard became, in a mind's moment, an exciting jungle of the imagination. At the very next step they might happen upon a wild beast—a tiger, with gaudy stripes, or even an elephant. Hidden behind a hedge, they crept along slowly, their round faces alive with interest, and their fresh young hands carelessly caressing the earth, the grass, the sun's effect. And they were scrupulously silent so as not to scare off any possible prey.

A hot wind meandered about the courtyard: the boys' bodies grew warm and wet under their clothing. On his hands and knees, with his head held low, Donald Freeman had some difficulty keeping his hair from in front of his eyes: in continually pushing it back with soiled hands, his face became smudged. He did not remember enough—so engrossed was he—to realize that his mother would be angry.

Suddenly he stopped crawling, crossed his lips with a chubby forefinger, and whispered, "Sh-h-h!"

"I see him!" answered the older boy, peeved.

"Sh-h-h!" he said again, intent on the prey.

Donald Lasky became angry. He jumped up from behind the hedge and ran out of the courtyard, shouting, "Over here. Over here!" (He looked back over his shoulder as he ran.)

This action left the other hunter at a loss: his world was different. After a short time of pained indecision, he walked reluctantly to the sidewalk in front of the building, where his playmate was crouching, quickly turning, hunting. Donald Lasky continued the pretense of playing the game. But it had lost its reality for both of them. The younger boy glanced around idly, taking no notice of his companion's antics. And finally, becoming bored with this foolishness born of his treason, Donald Lasky also gave up the game and stood still, looking about.

They had discovered the persistent impossibility of living in a world alone when another is near.

Singly, lackadaisically (still unreconciled), they explored the new scene: buildings; doors; windows, windows; big trees and the leaves, billions of them; and the street—dark, smooth, and way-out-into.

"Look't over there!" yelled Donald Freeman, at once un-passively alive again. Eagerly (no time for petulance!), he pointed to where, halfway down the block south toward Howard Street, an organ-grinder and a monkey stood. The man—thin, pasty-faced, dressed in shabby clothes—began to crank the organ; and soon hurdy-gurdy music established itself in the air. The monkey, a red bell-hop hat attached to its head, jumped from the organ-grinder's shoulder and lumbered about at the length of its leash, repeatedly and mechanically doffing its hat and then putting it back on its head again. *Wide monkey eyes, frail monkey body.* . . . But clothed in a frayed and dirty military suit, colored bright red and blue. And the monkey appeared to lack a shine, which, with the costume and role, seemed quite necessary.

Looking around for people, the organ-grinder spied the two Donalds running toward him. He could hear them yelling gleefully. The music poured automatically into the warm air.

The Donalds arrived. And a small knot of little children gathered from nowhere. Absorbed by the monkey and the music, they formed around the organ-grinder an intense circle—open-mouthed and with eyes enthralled. Soon they began to laugh happily and to clap their hands. A faint smile crossed the organ-grinder's face. . . . The mad human dance: simple, yet eerie; flitting, but remaining.—Manipulating its hat very professionally, the monkey accepted and then pocketed all the pennies that were offered to it; and finally tipped its hat in thanks. When it seemed as if all the possible pennies had been collected (the music

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was sliced off, suddenly became nothing), the organ-grinder yanked the leash, the monkey hopped onto the organ and then, with another leap, perched itself once more on the man's shoulder. The man, the machine, the monkey—and the locked-up magic—moved off toward Howard Street.

Each child of the group followed the organ-grinder; some only a short way, others for a longer distance. But when he reached the corner of the block and started to cross the street only the two Donalds followed him to the other side. They were caught up more in the aura of monkey and music than the other members of the circle—because of the game of "adventure" they had been playing. An *actual* strange-animal! What an exciting sequel—or renewal—after the world of their game had collapsed!

Who offers life to the living—lead: we will follow.

The organ-grinder stopped in front of the largest building in the next block and began the grinding of his machine. Immediately on hearing the music, the monkey again went into its act. The two boys, enthralled as before, stood with hands clasped meekly behind their backs, staring. When no-one came out to give money, the organ-grinder stopped making music, "packed up," and moved on. His audience of two followed.

They'll get lost, thought the organ-grinder.

"You kids better go home," he said.

They hung back ashamedly; but when the man walked on, they followed at a distance.

"Sh-h-h," said Donald Freeman.

"I know!" answered the other, annoyed.

Reaching Howard Street, the organ-grinder turned east toward the lake: he knew there would be many children, mothers and pocket-books at the beaches. It would be hard work—walking in the hot sand, a fierce sun in the sky; but there the people were, and there he would go.

At the corner the two boys waited for a line of cars to pass before following the organ-grinder across the street. As best he could, Donald Freeman kept his eyes on the organ-grinder through the slits of open which the cars allowed, one after another, as they rolled by. But the glance of the bigger boy roamed the street in all directions.

. . . Howard Street enveloped, peered down at the two small boys: the people walking by; lamp-posts; the small stores and the bigger buildings; awnings and signs hanging over the sidewalk; even the trolley and telephone wires over the street—over a monotonous mosaic of dull-red bricks inlaid with four shining rails; and finally the big looming Elevated structure, still a distance away, gloomy-dark beneath. This imposing street was a shopping center—crowded with scurrying housewives during the day, brightly lighted and loud with entertainment-seekers in the evening. Easily, two little boys could be swallowed up by a working, preoccupied affair such as Howard Street.

Donald Lasky's hopping eye stuck on a loose group of persons a half-block away, west up the street. His mouth dropped.

"O-o-o-h, look!" he whispered intensely, grabbing his companion's arm without turning his head: "Look't at that!" He pointed his arm as straight and true as the tail of a well-trained dog.

Donald Freeman looked as directed. He saw a very tall man—ill-dressed, boney, rough-skinned, and with long large features—on whom the street-curiosity centered. A battered hat, beyond redemption, sat on the man's head; and on top of this stood a light-colored untidy rooster, whose proud comb—large, red, and incongruous—topped the scene. The man was loudly cock-a-doodle-do-ing; and the rooster, looking equally insane, mimicked him. Of the group, several boys of the twelve-year-old type were pinching and slapping each other and laughing raucously; older persons tch-tch-tch-d, smiled among themselves, and suppressed giggles. Steadily, Howard Street rumbled by in the growing heat.

The boys hurried toward this insanity (in the opposite direction from the organ-grinder, who was now forgotten.) In a few seconds they were a part of the chance crowd. Then they stood and gaped, equally fascinated and frightened by the peculiar position of the rooster, and by the eagerly demented light of the man's face. This seemed almost too much. How queer! Now they would believe nearly anything of this strange, changing world.

Soon a big belly in blue serge, riveted with brass buttons, waddled up to the crowd and began to disperse it. Accidentally, the belly bumped Donald Freeman on the back of his head. He scooted out of the belly's path, alarmed—and by this time just a little numb from all he had seen and experienced.

When the crazy man protested against this interruption of his exercise, the cop handled him roughly. The filthy rooster, shaken by this, flapped its wings excitedly and cock-a-doodle-do-d; but it managed to keep its precarious seat. The comb waved a fury of red, like a flag on a lively battlefield.

"Come on, now, Johnson, that's enough for today," said the cop.

The very tall man—with the rooster, now quieted, still perched on his head—moved reluctantly(but obediently) away. He turned down a side-street, into his loneliness.

"Now break it up, folks; move along."

The cop shooed the two little boys away—incidentally: he pushed them west up Howard Street. Then he tilted back his cap, mopped his forehead, and murmured, "Wheh, 'tis a scorcher to be sure!"

Could all this movement—being pushed and being pulled—could it all be *just waiting?*

One in dirty over-alls, the other in a crisp blue suit with ruffles, they strolled wonderingly along the sidewalk. Their attention was attracted by the long monotony of a funeral procession passing. At the end of this train of slow-moving cars was a trapped delivery truck, nervously trying to escape. The Donalds peered into store-windows and at people hurrying by. (The red delivery truck, still caught, continued its squirming.) A shoemaker, his hand on an upturned shoe before him (raised hammer, tacks in mouth), glanced abstractedly through the unlit neon sign against his window — glanced at two little boys looking widely in at him. Then he deftly, quickly pounded four tacks. When he looked up again, the boys were gone. They passed an active pop-corn machine in front of a candy-store: regular, persistent noise; the smell of butter and salt and corn. And still the sun flooded heat onto the street. Through a grocery window (under the shade of a large awning: it had whispered, Halt, and be cooled)

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they looked in at the carefully confused bustle of food-buying. A clerk stood next to a vegetable bin (close to the window, close to the boys)—raised hand grasping a large potato, body turned askew, head slanting upward, throat straining, and mouth redly, widely opened. Statuesque for a second. Only after the clerk had done with his say, did the confused bustle resume for the boys. They walked further up the street, finally passing under the shade-darkened Elevated structure, on the other side of which were fewer people and less activity—a more open unhurriedness. The busy section of Howard Street lay behind them. Brightly warm.

Nature moved them *here* by this, and *there* by that: drawn on, they had used the world and been seen by it: and they had passed.

. . . And soon, following the sidewalk, they were led to a good-sized lumber-yard. Across the street a moving picture theatre was in the process of construction: a grayish-white, partly-clothed skeleton; sand and bricks half-neatly strewn about. They stood gazing at the unbuilt building. A section of the lumber-yard fence had been removed to give the theatre-builders easier access to the lumber. At the rear of the yard rose the Elevated embankment, an ominous, artificial hill, atop which gleamed the pairs of steel rails. Saturday afternoon had denuded the scene of workmen. A quiet section of the street. Occasionally, electric trains rustled by on the embankment: they were the sound of the scene.

After tasting their surroundings, and judging, the two boys fell through the breach in the fence. What could the inside be like? Donald Lasky was braver—he entered first; but Donald Freeman, the more curious of the two, went in further. They were confronted by strangely similar piles of lumber, row after row, but of many kinds and sizes—all stacked several times higher than either of the boys. The smell of dry pine-wood predominated. Together, the small boys crept slowly, then scurried,—always searching—among the rectangular mountains of wood which towered above them.

. . . An old watchman, his mouth stuffed with a much-used corn-cob pipe, hobbled painfully toward a shelter at a far side of the yard. Uncomfortable, he felt the rim of his hat sticky against his head. Hot sun.

A small mouse darted unexpectedly across the open space between two piles of lumber. Seeing it, the boys were startled, and ran away. When finally they stopped running, and then had carefully inspected their new surroundings for signs of more strange-moving-things, they again gazed around (by this time, almost with a professional lust) for still another something to follow and devour. Their aimless movement had led them to the back of the lumber-yard, far away from the front fence with its gaping hole. The hill of the Elevated trains loomed up next to them. A hill, an obstruction, and something on the other side. Trying to peer past it, they were forced to look up, and then saw only the sky, clear-colored and immense.

Let's see what's on the other side.

The one tugged the other and they began climbing the embankment. On the journey up, they had to use their hands; and at times they even fell to their knees. Donald Freeman's light blue suit, already dusty and crumpled, now became quite dirty. His hands were filthy; and wiping his nose with them, he smeared even more dirt on his face. The blond bangs were twisted and disheveled. Again he forgot to remember that his mother would be angry when she saw him.

. . . Seated at last in the shade of the shelter, and puffing at his pipe contentedly, the watchman surveyed the yard. His pleasant indifference evaporated as he saw two small figures (one, in the sun's full ray, seeming to radiate light blue and gold) disappear between the hill and the sky. His heart thumped once, then twice, sickening.—Too far to shout.

Get off'a there, ya crazy kids!

"*Damn them kids!*" he muttered, limping after them as quickly as he could, cursing. (His limp was left over from an accident he had had while still a trainman.)

At the top the boys halted and beheld an expanse of shining steel ribbons. Now they relished the beautiful height nature had given them. Then they moved forward. . . .

The bear went over the mountain
The bear went over . . .
To see what he could see
To see . . .
. . . He saw the other side

Fifty yards in either direction from them, there stood stray, uncoupled cars. A yard-engine was backing slowly into one of these. (Howard Street was the end of the line, where trains were reassembled for the return trip to the Loop.) The engineer, leaning half out of the cab-window, stretching to look backwards, watched the operation closely. After successfully coupling the car to the engine, he relaxed and took a large red handkerchief from his pocket to wipe the sweat from his face. He was startled to see two small boys crossing the tracks, and already three-quarters of the way to the other side.—*Much too small.*

And at last the world took effective notice of them.

He shouted loudly,

"Get the hell off'a there!"

Anxious and annoyed (caught, half-unconsciously, in a cruel indecision), the engineer waited to see what would happen.

The boys turned in the direction of the voice, greatly frightened. They saw a blur of red cloth attached to a waving arm. Donald Lasky began at once, hurriedly but carefully, to finish the distance to the other side.

Donald Freeman remained rooted where he stood, while his confusion grew to equal his excitement, and both were great. He felt completely alone in a wide world suddenly become threatening and alien: the mysteries closed in upon him: nature drew her sword. Wanting to run, to escape, he did not know the way. He felt his foot getting caught between the ties: violently he yanked it free.—*Don't try to hold me!* He started to run, but had somehow got turned around, and was running toward the side which he had come up. His terror increased: he could not see the danger which he knew was flooding him away. *Why am I here?* Irrelevant images charged through his consciousness, now in chaos: the desire-feel to be home, snug but free, in the

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cool and comforting darkness of his mother's bedroom, with her assuring presence and familiar body nearby; or to have again the perfunctory monkey, the wild rooster, the crazy man, the organ-grinder (he saw again and wanted all of these.) He even remembered that his mother would be angry when. . . . No longer could he see adequately: so he stumbled, then fell, his hands crossing the "live" third-rail, and his head hitting the ground near to that deadly metal——

Soundless, fierce, an air-like nothingness flamed through every cell of his body. His face began to contort: in spasms, his throat and mouth struggled violently to function. And like a marionette on a string, lying on a table, being jangled unkindly, his arms and legs jerked. . . . He fell limp.

This, too, the sun beat down upon.

Donald Lasky cried,

"Donald! Donald!"

The watchman reached the top of the embankment too soon not to see. The sight elaborated itself and came to include (for him) the imaged recall of his own clock-ticks of crippled misery—the millions of them.

And the engineer, transfixed (enlightened by indecision), stared deep into that pause of reality's rhythm. . . .

II

The room is made gray by thick, shuddering light. Massed but irregular, the people: *sombre; and glued like shadows against the wall. (Penumbra gray.) They are with hands clasped; and from their bowed heads, sorrowful clucks come noiselessly. Their hypocritical presence for me.*

Doctor and nurse (both in certain white) stray over me, who lies taut and still, listening . . . (as it continues) . . . *oh, the swish and scrape of the doctor's hands and the nurse's feet, and more.*

I try to see through the curious mound on my chest—to the other side—but cannot. I cannot raise my head,—so pillowed that (tilting it back only a little, following my eyes) I see, between the bars of my bed, the wall behind me: cool gray painted on a hard semi-darkness.

A deathly smell of gangrene pollutes the air: I wish he would leave the room, whoever is so offensive.

Beneath a thin rustle of whispering, feet shuffle. Then a gasp of sympathy. . . . Out of this now I hear the metal noise of tools at work. Half-dark. I see only snatches of the room: parts of figures; here; there; a segment of color; blank blobs of ceiling and wall. But I know the enveloping whiteness of the sheet (a freshness) over me, next to me, and around.

This stink and this activity—both endure.

Removed: misshapen; lifelessly fingered at one end and at the other, in all its (severed) biological diversity, gaping; like a stuffed lump of rotten wet orange-peel . . . is placed in a brown paper bag and later lost: returned (prematurely; alone) to the great garbage-can.

I sigh with relief, I don't know why, and our sweat (and more) mingles in a kiss upon my brow: the wet face comes upon its own.

my mother is

. . . and this is all I can remember having forgotten

In a chair by the doctor's desk sits Mrs. Freeman, uncomfortably. Somehow it is necessarily at a distance that Donald half-fills another seat in the same office. His face is now pale, although still round-looking; and there is a mixture of hurt in his aspect of wide wonder.

A room of marble floor and primly whitewashed walls.

The view from the window is important; and it is blocked by a part of the building nearby,—this spread with sun-glinted windows; shining windows forever called up in perfect rank and file.

With the serious wisdom of a slightly sentimental businessman, the doctor (perhaps silently) gestures and moves his mouth at Mrs. Freeman.

The sun, no longer merely a memory, slices the stone floor.

In the midst of which, she asks: "But is it really necessary?"

"Yes, it is," the doctor answers.

"But he's been through so much in the past few months." (She has begun the habit, even at twenty-nine, of allowing that hurt, half-hysterical look to grow slowly, eatingly into place whenever the open nothing—an unsolved problem—is before her.)

"Yes, I know. That's true. But I am satisfied with the necessity of attempting to remove the obstacle at hand. It will make an important difference in the future.—You see? We should try——" The doctor makes a move toward Donald; then, on a second impulse, checks himself. After a moment, he continues: "Another operation will do him no harm. He is fully recovered now."

"Yes . . . I know he is." An involuntary movement directs her eyes to the small, brightly-colored sleeve hanging half-empty over the left side of Donald's chair, into space. "But still . . . another operation. . . ."

Suddenly Donald sits up straighter, strongly feeling the need to answer the undigested jumpiness inside him. Then it all expands big, and he says (over-loudly in the stillness), "No, mamma! I don't want to!" She rushes over to coddle him . . . kisses his forehead and temples; tries to kiss away something in both herself and him. Damp grief again.

The mother takes a few short, certain breaths, and straightens up. (Facing any necessity, control over oneself is prerequisite.) She tightens her lips, although this is not seen, since she speaks through them: "Donald, how would you like mother to get a nice big drum for you? Huh, sweetheart? . . . Now how would that be?"

The genii-shape of a drum, growing for some seconds, fills the room. Now a lasting dull-echo of its deep beat (after flooding the room) rolls irresistibly through the window; then relaxes its solidity and floats all-wheres away from the hospital—beyond the glass-view. As the 'sound' disappears, the 'substance' materializes: a beautiful red drum!

"A red one?"

Her hands on him now: "Any color or any kind you want, darling!"

"Oooohh . . . !" he exhales, surprised and pleased and baffled.

My son! scream her nerves.

. . . Without warning, Donald sees as one thing the

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drum and the doctor's office—sees them together, as they exist. He discovers more-hospital standing between him and the drum-his.

Under the skin of his small body, half remains hot, while the rest becomes cold; part zooms up, and part stays down—sticks thickly. So he tries to move to the side; but his body only jerks slightly. *one cannot move . . .*

All becomes hazy: the room wraps itself slowly about the doctor, who is a part of the chair and desk; the mother begins to evaporate (measured continuum of time) *over and around—the outside of—the blob of the doctor and his room and the wavy furniture and fittings; she seems to dissolve, fade into the streaked amorphous marble of the once-floor . . . this making a pretty-colored, almost-stone ball of the old reality.* and donald, very small in his chair, grows suddenly sharply defined and very tightly still . . .

two hands on a large red drum in his lap

The Political Relevance of Conscientious Objection

THE editor, in a tribute to Milton Mayer in the March issue of *Politics,* remarks, "I do not agree with Milton Mayer that the best way to act if one has profound political objections to this war is to become a C.O. or go to jail; it seems to me one can more effectively fight for one's ideas *if one does not isolate one's self from one's fellow-men,* and that the Army is a better place to learn, and teach, than either a C.O. camp or a jail." (Italics mine) It seems to me that the logic and meaning of the position taken by Mayer and a considerable number of other left-wingers is a subject which can bear a good deal more discussion in the radical press than it has yet received.

After reading this editorial criticism of Mayer's position on page 45 of the March issue, I was rather surprised, on page 35, to find the editor's comment on Max Lerner's remarks about Randolph Bourne. The quotation from Lerner reads: "If there was a fatal flaw in Bourne as a social critic, it was that he allowed himself to be . . . alienated from the main sources of strength in American life, the people themselves." The editor's analysis of Lerner's remark is telling: "This totalitarian mystique of 'the people' is simply a way of protecting the oppressors of the people from the criticism of men like Bourne." Lerner's criticism of Bourne and the editor's reflections on the left-wing C.O. may not be parallel. Certainly in motive they are not. But, motive aside, I am unable to see just wherein they are dissimilar.

However, exploration of this point is not so important as investigation of the assumption that the C.O. cuts himself off from his fellow men. Of course it is true that the C.O. in a CPS camp or in jail doesn't see much of the general public, but then neither does the man in the army. Then, too, there may be twenty thousand men in an army encampment and two hundred in a C.O. camp or a jail, but either the C.O. or the army man will have done a pretty good wartime job if he succeeds in thoroughly educating two hundred men, or being educated by them. It appears then (unless separating one's self from one's fellow men *is* to mean nothing at all more than a mystical alienation from the folk) that there is something about one's companions in a C.O. camp or in a prison that places them outside the genus *homo sapiens.*

One may suspect that a certain stereotype of the C.O. as a somewhat unreal or asocial or apolitical character is lurking somewhere in the background. A stereotype of the C.O. is bound, however, to be a distortion, for the reason that by any sociological criterion the distribution of men in a C.O. camp is surprisingly like that of men in the army. A census of the approximately 7,000 men in CPS camps in 1943 showed about 3,500 farmers, 560 teachers, 200 in the building trades, 150 in clerical work, 150 in the metal trades, 100 college students, and a distribution of physicians, miners, economists, engineers, chicken farmers, chemists, lawyers, bee keepers, anthropologists, truck drivers, cooks, a professional ball player, and over 100 other occupations. The religious distribution included Mennonites, Jews, Quakers, Unitarians, Brethren, Pentacostals, Catholics, Jehovah's Witnesses, Episcopalians, Russian Molokans, Methodists, Assembly of God, over 100 other denominations, *and* 421 *men without church affiliation.* There are differences between the C.O. distribution and the army distribution: the greater number of farmers, college men, and men claiming formal religious connections among C.O.'s, the greater prevalence of radical thought in C.O. camps, and the presence of an imposed caste system in the army and its absence in CPS camps. But the differences are hardly such as to place the inhabitants of a C.O. camp outside the pale of one's fellow men.

As to results, no one expects any spectacular returns from men caught up in the conscriptive machine. Most of the C.O.'s day is spent in "made" work and general piddling, but from the left-wing viewpoint the day's chores in the army can hardly be regarded as of intense social significance (at least not positive significance). The growth of Socialist Party locals (in some CPS camps they include over 10% of camp strength) bears witness to the fact that if the day's work is not always exactly "of national importance," the evenings and the project bull sessions are not entirely lost. At least one incident in C.O. history in this war is worth remembering: In April, 1943, when General Hershey placed an arbitrary ban on assembly for civilian C.O.'s (contemporaneously remarking that the same principle might eventually be applied to labor union meetings), the C.O.'s performed a service to the cause of civil liberty by resisting and still resisting. A disproportionately large number of the men involved are Socialists.

Of the objector in jail it is even less true, in any real sense, that he breaks with his fellow man. There is probably no situation in which a drafted man can place himself which brings him into closer identification with the elemental social struggle than in a prison. I should like to give just one statement by a C.O. prisoner as typical of the kind of probing that goes on: "I have concluded that

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there are only two anti-social elements in society — the people who are in prison, or would be in prison if they could be caught, and the people who are running things. Of the two groups, the men in prison are far less dangerous and far more honest." Lest this be considered an isolated example, or a merely theoretical conclusion, there is the fact that when their well-meaning but not-too-understanding friends on the outside suggested a separate prison for C.O.'s where they might be segregated from "ordinary criminals," C.O. prisoners in large number protested that they did not see the distinction between themselves and "ordinary criminals" and did not wish to be separated.

The idea that prison means the end of participation in life was nurtured even in the C.O. camps during the early days of the war, but subsequent events have dislodged it. One of them was the work strike at Danbury Prison, over the issue of race segregation, successfully terminated last December, which ranks with the Lynn and Levy cases as an effective protest against race discrimination. Another was the non-cooperation stand taken by Louis Taylor and Stanley Murphy, which culminated in nation-wide publicity and official investigation of brutality in the Federal Prison at Springfield, Mo. A third was the hunger strike at the Lewisburg, Pa., Prison, over censorship of mail and periodicals, which was also successfully ended last December. I happened to be visiting a federal prisoner at McNeil Island, Washington, shortly after the Lewisburg hunger strike ended. He asked how the strike had come out. I replied that it had been terminated, apparently with a victory. He remarked, "I thought something of the sort must have happened; within the past couple of weeks censorship of mail and periodicals has been noticeably relaxed." Among the results has been the admission of *The Call* to federal prisons.

Though the C.O. may achieve such changes of a "reform" type, however, the stand of the conscientious objector is still presumably conceived by many to be a politically futile gesture. To the extent that this notion may be true, its truth is due at least in part to the fact that the "political" objectors have in large number gone into the military machine and left the "religious" objectors to hold the line alone. But there is something more significant than this to be said.

Capitalism and imperialism of course depend, basically, upon the possibility of waging war. They depend on a lot of things, but this is one of them. War is an essential tool in an expanding imperialism, or in a regime faced with internal dissension and the need to divert the revolutionary dynamic away from concern with domestic issues. But war involves dangers. As the editor says (February, p. 8), "War is the supreme crisis of any class society; then as never in peacetime does the ruling class need the support of the ruled." This support, in turn, rests upon the ideological foundation of the patriotic myth. The most pertinent aspect of the myth, or of the nationalistic ideology, is the belief that whatever the place of overt opposition in time of peace, it has no place in war time. Because this belief is an axiom in the patriotic mythology, any state can be certain of an adequate supply of cannon fodder just as soon as it manages to declare war. No matter how pacifistic its youth and their elders may be in peace time, the state can always count on them to be on the firing line when and if war comes.

The potentiality present in conscientious objection is demonstrated by the utterly disproportionate nuisance value of our handful of C.O.'s, a nuisance value which has proved a constant headache to the army and the prisons and has led them (unfortunately with the assent of the churches and a large number of the C.O.'s) to pawn them off on the religious agencies. Today the conscientious objector, and the conscientious objector alone, stands out as the possible nucleus for the only movement which can shatter the confidence of the state in its ability to effectively make war *if and when it wishes*. Peace time pacifism and "critical support" cannot do it. The fact that the removal of the *causes* of war is perhaps more basic does not negate the fact that removal of causes and prevention of the occasion must proceed simultaneously or not at all. If capitalism breeds war, then the possibility of war perpetuates capitalism. The conscientious objector alone holds the line against the nationalistic myth in a politically meaningful way.

In the last analysis, however, I suspect that the thing that makes the conscientious objector is something pretty personal. It is a conviction that there are in life certain evils which are so fundamental that he cannot himself contribute directly to them. In such situations, his sense of rightness and wrongness is such that an intellectual calculus of possible indirect consequences, immediate and remote, seems a little far-fetched. Though his individual influence, either direct or symbolic, may be infinitesimal, yet he is determined that so far as he can throw any weight one way or the other, he is going to throw his as directly as possible against the evil.

In these days when relativism has penetrated left-wing thought along with other sectors, sometimes to the degree which Sorokin describes as ethical atomization, absolutes are not very popular. Nevertheless, the left winger who applies relativistic analysis to his own participation in this war acts by absolutes in many less significant spheres of daily life. He will not, for example, scab on his fellow workers or walk through a picket line or hire out as a Pinkerton spy because the people he might meet by so doing are more interesting or more educable. He will not participate in a lynching, or in a race riot, in order to avoid separating himself from his fellow men, or because the experience might be valuable. Yet he will justify bombing his fellow men in chains throughout the globe, and cremate women and children of his own class in liquid fire, and do his part in setting in motion a tidal wave of world-wide reaction, *all for purposes with which he is in profound disagreement*, because to do otherwise would be to isolate himself from his comrades. This is what it is difficult (though not impossible) for the conscientious objector to understand.

It is my suspicion, which events will have to confirm or disprove, that "critical support" of the war is the Achilles heel of left-wing thinking today. I believe it is no distortion of the editor's terminology to label as "critical supporter" the left-winger who has profound political objections to the war but enters the army. It is hard to see how entry into the armed forces can be termed effective

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"rejection", whatever the individual's private or hitherto expressed views. It is only fair to say that since the alternatives are not free, it would also be inappropriate to term entry into the army "acceptance" of the war in the sense of approval or a waiver of obligation to do anything about it. But "support" would seem to be a term descriptive of the overt act and its predictable consequences, as contrasted with the stand of the C.O. The deed in this case would seem more significant than the word, and even the word (of opposition) becomes pretty much of an impossibility unless one wishes to become a candidate for court-martial, which is at least equivalent to going to prison in the first place.

As the editor so clearly states in the February issue (p. 8), in a dilemma which he never seems to resolve, critical support is "formally imaginable" but "a historical impossibility." Critical non-support is, therefore, the only alternative, in the actual situation, to effective assent to a process whose effects must overwhelmingly negate anything that the left-winger can learn or teach in the armed forces. If the objective impact of war-bred reaction is supplemented, in the days of post-war disillusionment, by an ideological reaction against labor and left-wing leaders who knew better but could not overtly break with the war machine, the disaster will be only the greater.

DON CALHOUN

By Way of Rejoinder

Don Calhoun has made out a much stronger case for Conscientious Objection as a political anti-war tactic than I should have imagined possible. I should like to make a few points, both of dissent and of agreement.

(1) Calhoun is mistaken if he thinks I give "critical" support to the war effort. In my article, "Why Politics?" in the February issue, I tried to show, by analysis of the actual course of events since 1939, that "critical support" of the war by workers and socialists is a trap, that the nature of the war *as conducted by the present social regimes in the United Nations* is such that its leftwing supporters, however "critical", become paralyzed and impotent to advance or even to defend their own progressive values. Since it is well known that my own values are socialist, I had thought the logic would be clear: that the present regimes must be basically changed before the present war can become "our" war. I was apparently wrong, however, and so I take this opportunity to state explicitly that I do not now believe, and have never believed, that the proper policy for those of us in the United Nations concerned with humanly progressive ends is, or ever was, to support this war.* I might add that I see no "dilemma" in the fact that critical support of the war is "formally imaginable" but "a historical impossibility"—unless, of course, one is a professional philosopher more concerned with the formalities of logic than with the realties of history.

* For a fuller expression of my views (and I must insist that a fuller exposition is necessary, since I by no means subscribe to the sectarian formula that this war is *merely* an imperialist war like the last one; the reality is much more complex) see "10 Propositions on the War" by Clement Greenberg and myself (*Partisan Review*, July-August, 1941) and "The (American) People's Century" (*Partisan Review*, July-August, 1942). My standpoint on the war has not changed essentially since those articles were written.

(2) As to my remarks on Lerner and Mayer: surely the difference is that Lerner is objecting to Bourne's critical attitude itself, whereas I am objecting not at all to Mayer's repudiation of the war (with which I agree) but simply to the means by which he expresses that attitude. Lerner's quarrel with Bourne involves principles, mine with Mayer tactics.

(3) I think it *is* a distortion of my terminology to label as a "critical supporter" of the war the leftwinger who submits to the draft and enters the Army. For one thing, this is something like calling a worker a critical supporter of capitalism because he works for a capitalist. For another, entering or not entering the armed forces is a question of tactics, not principles for the leftist. The question presents itself to him thus: will he be able to further his ends better if he submits to the draft, or if he goes to jail (or a C.O. camp)? "Support", which involves personal endorsement, does not enter in at all.

(4) Nor can I agree that *in itself* Conscientious Objection is morally superior, so far as the guilt of waging war goes, to serving in the armed forces. This seems an unimaginative conception of modern warfare. Both the C.O. and the soldier are part of the apparatus of total war. The C.O.'s do "work of national importance", such as fighting forest fires and serving as orderlies in hospitals. Since forest fires must be fought by some one, and hospital patients cared for by some one, this means so much manpower is released for the military machine. Even the peaceful business of growing vegetables, if the grower raises more than he himself eats, makes it possible to send vegetable-growers into the Army. Modern society is organized so completely that only the individual who like Thoreau lives entirely for himself and to himself can avoid being involved in the machinery and contributing to its, not his, ends.

Many C.O.'s complain because their work is not important *enough*. This is humanly understandable, but it would be more logical of them to complain that their work is of *too great* importance. Even serving as stretcher-bearers and ambulance-drivers, a service many C.O.'s have (vainly) asked to be allowed to perform, and a service which removes the major guilt-feeling of the C.O., namely that he is not sharing the physical risks of the common soldier, even this is open to question if you pose the problem in terms of cremating women and children in liquid fire. Caring for its wounded is essential to a modern army because (a) many of them can be salvaged and used again; and (b) the morale of those not wounded, and of the home front, would slump if the wounded were neglected. The stretcher-bearer C.O. is thus an integral part of the military machine and shares its guilt—or would share it if the American Army permitted him to serve, as the British do. (It will be understood that in the above I am simply following out the logic of Calhoun's attempt to draw distinctions in individual moral guilt between various functional relationships to total warfare. Personally, I think this attempt, so far as the rank-and-file soldiers and civilians are concerned, is futile and a source of confusion.)

(5) The C.O. *does* have a moral advantage, however, over the man who submits to being drafted: that of refusing to cooperate in the war effort to the extent the State commands him to—even though, in an ultimate sense, he can escape cooperation only by taking to the hills. At least he puts limits on his obedience, at least he confronts the State power with his own conditions, at least he makes an overt gesture of opposition to the war. In a period like the present in this country, when there is no immediate prospect of effective political action to realize

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ultimate principles, there is something very attractive about the C.O.'s kind of individual moral stand. His day-to-day actions and his long-range convictions, if they do not wholly coincide, are at least on speaking terms with each other. One of the psychologically dessicating qualities of Trotskyist political behavior, in my experience, was the gross failure of this coincidence. *As an individual*, the Trotskyist in a non-revolutionary period conforms outwardly to the life around him: he pays taxes, he does what the boss tells him to, he refrains from assaulting bourgeois politicians or blowing up banks, and in time of war he performs the ultimate act of outward conformity: he enters the Army if drafted. The political logic of his behavior is perfect: he does all this provisionally, as it were, because he believes he can thus better prepare an organization which can act in some future crisis; the less energies he dissipates in premature individualistic gestures of rebellion, the more he can devote to serious political work; the less he distinguishes himself in everyday behavior from the mass of people, the more effectively he can get into contact with them to influence them on basic issues. Such is the theory. And yet, and yet . . . the years go by, the grand political end is still far off, and he is in danger of either dropping out of the revolutionary movement and accepting the dominant values of this society (a transition eased by his years of outward conformity), or else, if he remains faithful, of becoming deadened, routinized by years of frustration which is doubly severe because it exists on the level of personal behavior as well as of politics. The C.O., like the European anarchist or our own old-time Wobblies, at least reacts spontaneously, immediately against the evils he fights, and shapes his everyday behavior to fit his principles. This is a great thing.*

(6) I am not so much impressed by Don Calhoun's arguments for Conscientious Objection as a means of influencing large numbers of people to certain political actions. His own figures show that half the C.O.'s are farmers and that they are mostly quite religious. This is not a normal cross-section of American society, nor is it a particularly promising group to try to influence in a radical direction. As for developing Conscientious Objection into a mass anti-war movement, that seems unlikely: it is wholly negativistic, it does not deal with the causes of wars, it offers no way of reorganizing society on a more human basis. The tragi-comic history of the Oxford Pledge movement shows that simple moral objection to war is not enough to hold most people to their pacifist beliefs once war has actually begun. It is true, as Calhoun points out, that the C.O. has a "nuisance value" out of proportion to his numbers—and yet even here I must say that, judging from the increasing complaints I have heard and read about the way C.O. camps are run, it would seem the C.O. has not been altogether successful in defending even his own special interests. Also, I gather that most C.O.'s find their camp experience almost as frustrating as life in the Army would be, and would not agree with Calhoun's picture of the life.

If I had to choose between becoming a C.O. and submitting to the draft—and it would be a Hobson's choice, like most presented us today — I should still choose the latter. Obviously, so long as the existing social order holds together, the army is not a promising field for radical political activity. Its leadership is notably reactionary, and has at its disposal the most complete and effective means of silencing opposition. It is only when things begin to bubble in civilian society that the army thaws out, and the radical soldier gets any chance to push things in *his* direction. No bubbling is to be expected in this war in this country, but Europe is another matter. It is possible, even likely, that the millions of American troops who will occupy Europe in the next few years will be confronted with popular revolutionary movements which will appeal to their sympathies and will pose to them the classic soldier's choice in a revolutionary situation: whether to obey his officers or his feelings. In such a case, the radical would be more effective in the armed forces than in a C.O. camp.

It may be, however, that this war and its aftermath will fail to shatter to any extent the structure of organized and rationalized lunacy which imprisons us today. In that case, individual protest will become more important—just as it has more importance in this war than in the last because of the greater failure this time of the mass workingclass movement to oppose the war. And in any case, after our experiences with the bureaucratic degeneration of the Bolshevik revolutionary movement, radicals must be more concerned about individual morality than they have been in the past. This seems to me to be the political relevance of Conscientious Objection.

DWIGHT MACDONALD

* "Most men have a Third Heaven of abstract theories," writes James Redpath in his *Public Life of Capt. John Brown*, "while their civil actions form the pillars of a Hell. John Brown's acts were in harmony with his God-inspired creed." In our times, when the coincidence of personal and public values has become a luxury few of us can afford (or dare afford), the life of the hero of Pottowattomie and Harpers Ferry is strangely moving and inspiriting.

A PRACTICAL MAN SPEAKS

"If your honor please, gentlemen of the jury. There has been a lot of reference to Christianity and the Bible in this case. I confess—not boastfully you understand—that perhaps I am not as good a Christian as I ought to be. You take this stuff like 'turning the other cheek' and 'loving your enemies' and 'doing good to them that hate you'. That's all very well. It's very fine. But I believe in using common sense in religion.

"You know what would happen if we tried to take that stuff seriously now. We've got a WAR on, gentlemen! What would happen if everybody tried to put this into practice? Who would fight this war?"

—Argument to the jury by District-Attorney Mooney, of Jackson, Tenn., during the trial of ten Negro religious pacifists on charges of refusing to obey the Selective Service Act. Quoted in "Fellowship" for May, 1944.

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Free and Equal

AN AMERICAN DILEMMA. The Negro Problem and Modern Democracy. By Gunnar Myrdal. Harper. $7.50. 2 Volumes.

This is without doubt the most formidable, penetrating, exhaustive and depressing of the shoal of studies on the eternal American Negro problem that the presses have poured forth increasingly in the past century. It runs to forty-five chapters which deal learnedly with every aspect of the problem from "American Ideals and the American Conscience" to "America Again at the Crossroads in the Negro Problem", and ends in quandary on Page 1024. That is to say, it ends, for all its vast erudition, where every book and pamphlet has ended which sought to study objectively this most vexatious question.

In addition to the 1024 pages, there are over 400 more pages of appendices, footnotes, book and pamphlet lists, and an index which runs to 42 pages of tiny type. Myrdal, with his assistants, Richard Sterner and Arnold Rose, seem to have read everything, consulted everybody and traveled everywhere in search of the truth about interracial relations in the United States. A distinguished Swedish scholar who had only visited briefly in this country before getting his assignment from the Carnegie Corporation, Myrdal brought as much objectivity to the appraisal of this controversial question as anybody on this earth possibly could, and probably more. Only a man from Mars could have surveyed the idiocies of the so-called Negro problem with more impartiality. It is clear that neither an Englishman, Frenchman, Dutchman, Belgian, Italian, Spaniard, German nor Greek could have tackled this formidable job without some bias. And of course an American would have been out of the question, whether white or colored; although there are Negro scholars here who might have approached Myrdal's objectivity.

This Swedish scientist soon discovered what every student of the so-called Negro problem soon learns but few admit: namely, that the American people are positively insane on the color question. There is no other word appropriate to describe the utter irrationality which dominates or terrorizes the vast majority of Americans. This madness has completely colored American thinking and folkways for the past three centuries and has had a profound influence on the course of American history. It has played squarely into the hands of scheming statesmen and ambitious demagogues. There is not a single phase of American life that it does not touch. It is like some fell malady eating malignantly into the bones, tissues and cells of our social body, the while, with the optimism of tuberculars, we vociferously proclaim our virility and assert confidence in our longevity.

Practically all the leading raceologists seem to have advised or collaborated with Myrdal, so this two-volume study actually represents a distillation of the knoweldge and opinion of the most eminent American thinkers on the subject, strained through an impartial mind. The work throughout is characterized by great scholarship, wise editing, balanced judgment and conclusions which are modest, restrained and sometimes reveal a sardonic humor. This latter is a welcome relief because most white Americans writing about "the problem" are usually grim and humorless. Negroes laugh at these idiocies very frequently, of course, but that is to be expected since they are more sophisticated than their paler brethren. Indeed, Myrdal, coming here as a stranger to our madhouse, immediately discerned that the vast self-deception of the whites on interracial matters was not shared by the Negroes. Black opportunists with their eyes glued on the main chance, cleverly soft pedal and dissimulate, but practically all of them know better.

There is something profoundly depressing about the universal ignorance of Negroes by white people and, what is worse, the childish zeal to obscure this ignorance and evade any responsibility. If there were international competition in buck passing, the Americans would win all the gold medals. Being ignorant is bad enough, but as Myrdal points out, the majority of American whites actually *want* to be ignorant—and they succeed without difficulty.

The author has a field day on the contradiction between American principles and practices. One of the differences between the South African and American whites in dealing with the black helots, is that the former state frankly that they must keep the natives down by every device which suggests itself to alert ruling class minds in order to continue to maintain white supremacy. The latter, however, with the possible exception of some of the franker Southern politicians, pretend that they have no such feeling; that "all men are created equal"; that they believe in freedom and democracy; that there is no caste system in the United States; that every man has a chance regardless of color, and so on *ad nauseam*. The only American Negroes who believe this are in padded cells. However, the American whites must at least be credited with a *desire* for these principles to be practiced. There is something of the missionary in every American. At the snap of a finger he is ready to go out and save somebody by preachment or by physical force. His conscience is always whipping him to a frazzle. Thus, while determined that the colored brother shall remain on a lower socio-economic level, white America is not averse to educating him to occupy a higher level.

So encyclopaedic is this work that many of the older books cluttering up the home may be turned over to paper salvage. Carefully Myrdal moves from one phase to another of the "problem", from race to population and migration, to economics, to politics and justice, to jim crowism and social stratification, and so on to his final statement on the dilemma in Chapter 45. While the position of the Negro has steadily improved, bi-racialism has increased: i.e., the so-called races as such are more removed from each other. The former "free" enclaves and islands are rapidly disappearing as the pattern of jim crowism and segregation are more widely accepted. Nevertheless, as Myrdal says, "The gradual destruction of the popular theory behind race prejudice is the most important of all social trends in the field of interracial relations". He points out what every student must have observed, that "even the white man who defends discrimination frequently describes his motive as 'prejudice' and says that it is 'irrational' . . . The white man is thus in the process of losing confidence in the theory which gave reason and meaning to his way of life. And since he has not changed his life much, he is in a dilemma."

Meantime the colored brethren "permeated by the democratic and equalitarian values of the American culture" are becoming increasingly militant and demanding. The fiction of the submissiveness of the Negro (which never had any validity) is now as dead in America as the Sermon on the Mount—killed by riots, demonstrations and what Negrophobes call bumptiousness. Myrdal is right hold-

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ing that both South and North "there is much sullen scepticism, and even cynicism, and vague, tired, angry dissatisfaction among American Negroes today". He observes ominously that "The situation is grave, and the years to come will provide a serious test of the political resoucefulness of white authorities and of other white and Negro leaders".

It is all too true that tension between the two elements is growing. The so-called Negro is sick and tired of being booted about by those whom he does not regard as his betters (although they may think so). Today he wants all the rights and privileges any other American enjoys, and he means to have them. All of his leaders are unanimously agreed on that, and his 200 newspapers chorus it weekly. It would be a mistake, however, for any one to assume that this militancy of the Negro who is actually a mixture of European, African and Amerindian) is newly-found. Throughout American history runs the fear of Negro uprisings and disorders, and the actual fact of numerous pitched battles resulting from efforts of Negroes to win the dignity of manhood status. It is well to remember that just as there has been a fairly consistent American international policy for the past century and a half, so has there been a fairly consistent American Negro strategy for the same period. The forces have been adroitly, and in the main intelligently, led. All along the Negroes have been much more clear-visioned than the whites; and in the larger sense they have even been more patriotic because they have persistently fought for the American Creed—the principles which white America has loudly pronounced but grudgingly practiced, if at all.

Myrdal sees all this and more. Nor is he blind to the Negro's shortcomings and the extreme difficulties in his path. It is refreshing to come upon a book like *An American Dilemma* after wading through the mountains of drivel thrown up by "scholars" with one eye on the Great Taboo. He is modest enough to predict no solution, for the problem may well be insoluble. But he certainly enlightens and stimulates us, and that is all we should expect.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

GEORGE FITZHUGH: PROPAGANDIST OF THE OLD SOUTH. By Harvey Wish. Louisiana State University Press. $3.
HENRY W. GRADY: SPOKESMAN OF THE NEW SOUTH. By Raymond B. Nixon. Knopf. $4.

It is a happy coincidence that biographies of George Fitzhugh and Henry W. Grady should appear simultaneously. The words and deeds of these two men, each a powerful figure in different epochs of Southern history, reveal certain persistent themes in that section's development, and pour a flood of light on the question of how the South got to be what it is today. Here too is striking evidence of the techniques of class rule.

George Fitzhugh of Virginia, lawyer, planter, and author of two books and countless articles, was in the vanguard of the proslavery militants who discarded Jeffersonian liberalism, embraced slavery as a desirable and enduring institution, and sought to mold a unified South ruled by an elite of cultured, landed patricians. To Fitzhugh the equalitarianism of the Declaration of Independence was "exuberantly false and arborescently fallacious." Posing a counter-thesis, he contended that "some were born with saddles on their backs, and others booted and spurred to ride them,—and the riding does them good." Accepting Gobineau's racial theories, he regarded slavery as the only practical relationship between the "superior" whites and "inferior" blacks. Slavery was a system worthy of wide propagation. Lincoln, in his "House Divided" speech of 1858, was merely paraphrasing Fitzhugh who had written four years earlier: "One set of ideas will govern and control after awhile the civilized world. Slavery will everywhere be abolished, or everywhere be reinstituted." The potentially dangerous non-slaveholders were held in line with generous doses of the gospel of "White Supremacy" and lurid descriptions of the consequences of Negro emancipation.

Fitzhugh's economic ideology was essentially pre-capitalistic. As an exponent of an agrarian South he was a caustic critic of nineteenth century *laissez faire* liberalism. In strangely Marxian terms, he defined the "free" labor system as nothing more than slavery to capital, expounded the labor theory of value, and accepted the dialectics of the class struggle. However Fitzhugh's answer to the contradictions of capitalism was not a proletarian revolution, but slavery, "white or black", which he offered as the only workable form of socialism. With Carlyle, he favored a Tory Democracy of feudal paternalism. And in his writings there were recurrent hints to Northern capitalists that the menace of dissatisfied workers dictated an alliance with conservative Southern planters. Indeed the post-Civil War *rapprochement* of Northern Tories and Southern Bourbons is a fitting monument to the labors of George Fitzhugh.

While this propagandist of the Old South held slavery to be the normal status of labor, the New South, for which Henry W. Grady was an eloquent spokesman, came close to proving it. Grady, the intrepid orator and enterprising editor of the Atlanta *Constitution* in the 1880's, was the sort of man one wouldn't have wanted to know. A chronic optimist, a sweet dispenser of warmth and sunshine, he was one of those ungrown men who live in happy ignorance of the sordid facts of life. In a characteristic flight of oratory he confessed a love for "anything that is soulful, bright, and cheerful, that tries to dissipate the sombre clouds—to bring the sunshine out—to make things happy and hearty." His virtues were those of the professional Rotarian, his philosophy that of the chamber of commerce, his ethics those of the market place.

As an exponent of the New South idea Grady was ready to turn his back upon the past, accept the results of the Civil War, and imbibe deeply the spirit of industrial capitalism. The South was to be saved by inviting Northern capital to participate in the exploitation of her natural and human resources. Railroads would be built, cotton factories would be brought to the cotton fields, steel mills would spring up near her coal and iron mines, and agriculture would be diversified. Judging Grady by the company he kept, he was thoroughly identified with Bourbon politicians, Wall Street operators, and "Robber Barons." As a stock market speculator and the promoter of a large newspaper enterprise, his interests were identical with theirs.

George Fitzhugh, in later years, apparently found it not too difficult to adjust himself to the changes wrought by the Civil War. He became reconciled to industrialization and was ready to admit 'that our negroes will be more profitable to their employers than were slaves to their masters. . . . We have adopted the high-pressure system of free competitive society and exchanged hickories for hunger." Perhaps the differences between the Fitzhugh and Grady philosophy were not so basic after all.

Confronted by a rising tide of agrarian discontent, later to culminate in Populism, Grady struck common ground with Fitzhugh at another point. For there was little differ-

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ence in their use of the "Negro menace" as a device to subordinate the lower classes to Bourbon leadership. Grady too preached the gospel of "White Supremacy," denounced Northern "agitators," and contended that the Negro's best friends "are the people among whom he lived." In a more candid vein he confessed that white domination "is simply the domination of intelligence and property," and expressed a belief in the disfranchisement of the "ignorant and unfit" of both races. Again the New South revealed its debt to the Old.

Wish's biography of Fitzhugh is critical, objective and definitive. Nixon's study is none of these things. He has uncovered the material for an adequate evaluation of Grady, but he is too busy praising, pardoning and justifying to make it. He regards Grady's leadership as "constructive" and "liberal," and his approach to the race problem as "enlightened and entirely practical." Perhaps Mr. Nixon was blinded by the glare of Henry Grady's Georgia sunshine.

KENNETH M. STAMPP

"Caribbean Laboratory" by Joseph M. Jones. FORTUNE, February, 1944.

Mostly reassuring double-talk by a former official of the State Department. But has some extremely interesting data about the "color question" in the British possessions in the Caribbean.

In Jamaica there is no color line, legally or socially. "The one forbidden question in any section of Jamaica society is, 'Is he colored?' Most of the political leadership of the island is colored, and, as in all British West Indian islands, the colored predominate throughout the professions and the civil services, including the higher posts." So too in Trinidad. In the smaller British islands, however—Barbados, Bermuda, the Bahamas—the whites draw a sharp color line. Jones thinks the reason for this difference is that in Jamaica and Trinidad, the Negroes have the vote, whereas in the other three islands, they are "almost wholly disenfranchised by property requirements for voting and holding office. In other words, following the emancipation of the slaves, the local whites, having government more or less in their own hands, have preserved their social and economic position much as have the Southerners in the United States." It would thus appear that there *is* a connection, as Southern "white supremacy" demagogues claim, between social equality and full civil rights. It would also appear that race feeling has nothing to do with "superior" or "inferior" races but rather with which race—if either—gets the jump, politically, on the other.

Jones notes that the Dutch and the French are more civilized than the English in their Caribbean race policy. Intermarriage, as well as complete social equality, is taken for granted in their possessions. "The people of Martinique walk with dignity, with neither curiosity nor superiority nor inferiority toward a white man."

And what about us? When thousands of white Americans came to the British islands after Pearl Harbor to build naval bases, the barbarism of American racial customs was quickly exposed. Southerners behaved as at home with explosive results. Since the police and judges were also colored, the American master-racists got some much-needed education, via jail cells and fines. Jones summarizes the effect on the colored people of Jamaica and Trinidad of this contact with the primitive tribal mores of the United States:

"In the winter of 1940-1941 well-qualified observers reported a widespread desire in the British West Indies, especially among the colored labor political leaders, for the United States to take over the islands. It was felt that the United States would spend more money, pay better wages, and grant political concessions more readily. Now, 1944, West Indians no longer want annexation by the United States . . . Why? There is a story going the rounds about the Negro who was asked how he liked working for the British as compared with Americans. 'Well,' he said, 'the Britisher gives you 50 cents and calls you mister; the American gives you a dollar and a half and calls you, 'Hey George!' "

A Note on the Repeal of the Chinese Exclusion Act.

The recent repeal of the Chinese Exclusion Act was widely greeted as a token, long overdue and not very generous to be sure, but still well meant, of our rising esteem for the Chinese people. What escaped general notice, however, was the fact that the repeal, far from putting Chinese on an equal basis with other foreigners seeking United States citizenship, slyly discriminated against them.

Any foreigner admissible to United States citizenship who has assumed the citizenship of another country can apply for United States citizenship on the quota of his adopted country. Except Chinese. The repeal provides that a Chinese must enter on the Chinese quota, whether he is a citizen of China or of any other country. There is another joker, too. Foreign wives of American citizens are non-quota immigrants, enabled to enter this country and apply for citizenship even when the quotas of their native countries are full. Again, except Chinese. Chinese wives of American citizens, according to the repeal bill, must seek citizenship on the Chinese quota, or not at all. When Congress decided that it would be all right to admit one hundred and five Chinese to citizenship annually, it *meant* one hundred and five, and no nonsense about the usual exceptions.

While the repeal bill was still before the Senate Committee on Immigration, a representative of the American Civil Liberties Union attempted to discuss it with Senator Richard Russell of Georgia, the chairman. His efforts to reach Senator Russell failed. When he took the matter up with an official in the Far Eastern Division of the State Department, he was requested to let it drop. The possibility of the repeal bill's defeat was already causing anxiety in the State Department, the official said, and it was felt that any effort to liberalize it would almost certainly precipitate its defeat. The repeal bill, with its discriminatory provisions, was passed by a safe margin and is now law.

As a token of good will toward the Chinese it was both niggardly and cheap. The Chinese might be excused for thinking it was specious as well.

LAURA WOOD

BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME

Too late, air power seemed again to be set for the Big Opportunity. Most airpower advocates thought they might have to wait until the next war to prove that bombing alone could win.

—"Time", May 15, 1944

DEPARTMENT OF UNDERSTATEMENT

The heavy bombing of northern Italy last year, at a time when the Italian workers were rising against fascism, is difficult to defend on strategic grounds.

—Editorial in "The Nation", March 18, 1944

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How "Practical" Is a Racially Segregated Army?

LAST month we published two documents showing what the face of "Jim Crow in Uniform" looks like to the colored service men. As these indicated, the heart of the military authorities' racial policy, and the thing that most embitters Negroes and poisons race relations may be put in one word: SEGREGATION. The usual excuse given by the military for a racially segregated army is that the soldiers themselves want it, and that it would lead to friction, low morale, even race riots to mix the two races. Racial prejudice in this country is a "fact"; the Army's job is to train soldiers, not to reform the world; it is "Utopian" and "impractical" to expect the Army to effect what has not yet been accomplished in vast areas of civilian life; etc.

These arguments "stand to reason" and "are only common sense." But like most common sense, they appear to be uncommon nonsense when examined closely. As it happens, a considerable amount of evidence has lately come into my hands, from various sources, which suggests a conclusion of the first importance: namely, that *when the barriers of segregation are removed, as they are in certain phases of Army training, the result is not friction but understanding, not race riots but comradeship.* This testimony, which came unsolicited in personal talk and letters from men in the Army, has been surprising even to me, although I have always believed that human beings can get on with each other if they are not set at loggerheads by customs and institutions. It suggests, indeed, that the Army is actually a *more* favorable environment for experimenting with the breaking down of racial prejudice than is civilian life. So much is changed of the individual's normal habits in the Army, he is forced by military discipline to adapt himself to so much that is strange and new that one more change makes little difference. And what he accepts at first simply because he is ordered to, and with a resentment proportional to the racial prejudice of his section of the country, the soldier comes to find positive good in, as he discovers that Negroes are human beings also, who may be liked or disliked as individuals and not as embodiments of an abstract racial quality.

The evidence on which this generalization is based appears below. I hope other soldiers who have had experiences which confirm or disprove this idea will write in to POLITICS. The unsegregated training programs of the Army are really a laboratory of race relations on a huge scale, and there should be much we can learn from them about the possibility of reducing racial antipathies through environmental changes.

"There have been interesting moments in uniform," writes a soldier-reader from a New York state camp. "I lived four months in what was known as a 'Mixed Company' without color restrictions (except that *they* were training for the less desirable jobs) quite without incidents. There was a small amount of talk by the Southern boys about how they weren't gonna sleep next to no nigras, but they did, and the otherwise quite ordinary C.O. on one occasion (whether after an incident or not I never found out) made the Southern boys and colored boys shake hands in the orderly room. Since none of the things the Southern boys said would happen did happen, the Northern white boys, like myself, found the association extremely interesting and for that reason alone, pleasant. Behind their backs we compared our evidence for contradicting the Southerners' charge that they 'smelled'—and except for a few mystics, agreed that they didn't, at least not differently than we did, qualitatively or quantitatively."

Another soldier writes from Fort Lee, Virginia, where he is, or was recently, taking an ASTP (Army Special Training Program) course: "The barracks here are mixed—Negroes sleeping, messing, studying with us. First fine feeling this army has given me. Big (I think) changes take place when the segregation bar is let down. It's worth fighting for on realistic as well as Utopian-idealistic grounds." This soldier's reaction is all the more significant because a few months ago, *before* he went into unsegregated training, he told me at length how frighteningly bitter he found the average white soldier's prejudice against Negroes.

A corporal writes, also from a Southern camp where he is taking ASTP training: "Here there is no segregation. Even between Southerners and Negroes the most amazing friendships spring up. Who is responsible for this policy I haven't had time to find out—perhaps you know. It is a great pity that this doesn't prevail throughout the Army. It would end race prejudice in America. The fact is that if you put two human beings in fatigues in the same kitchen, they will fraternize." The point about fraternization is especially significant. The one great new good of Army life seems to be the human comradeship it brings out; all of the soldiers are going through an extremely unpleasant and even terrifying experience, they have common enemies—their officers in the training period, the opposing armies in the combat period—and they naturally come to develop a feeling of cooperation and group loyalty which is lacking in their civilian life. This feeling apparently will be strong enough to break through racial prejudices if white and colored soldiers are thrown together. This is the other big reason the Army is actually a better milieu for relaxing race tensions than is likely to be found in civil society. I might add that, from what I can gather, it is Army policy, in the training of officers and of certain specialized branches like communications and intelligence, to permit the individual camp commandants to impose or not impose segregation as they see fit. Apparently they usually decide not to impose it.

A lieutenant training for the signal corps at Fort Monmouth, N. J., recently told me that he observed no overt friction among the 15,000 white and colored soldiers who went through the unsegregated course with him. Some Southerners grumbled privately, but in public treated the colored soldiers with cautious courtesy (which was probably good for their souls).

My only colored informant, a sergeant, told me an amazing story about his brother, who is an officer, and a South-

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ern lieutenant who was put in the bed next to him in a military hospital in Pennsylvania. The Southerner objected loudly to being put next to a "nigra", but the doctor in charge refused to make a change. After several weeks flat on their backs side by side, the two officers became fast friends, and after they got well, the Southerner and his wife took the colored officer out to dinner at a local restaurant. When the manager balked at serving the Negro, the Southerner kicked up a fearful row and carried his point. Afterwards, they went on to a local night spot, where the Southerner absolutely insisted that his new friend dance with his wife.

Finally, I should like to quote two pertinent bits of evidence that have appeared in print. The first is a story by Ollie Harrington, the *Pittsburgh Courier's* war correspondent in Italy, and appeared in the *Courier* for June 17. It seems that the Red Cross's racially segregated blood banks, in which colored and white donors' blood is kept apart although science has been unable to detect the slightest difference between the two, ran out at one point in the fighting in Italy, and blood plasma was gathered from the troops in the field. The need was so urgent no one bothered to segregate the blood. Harrington asked a number of white and colored soldiers how they felt about it and was "startled by the ferocity with which they answered". They all considered it insulting even to raise the question. But a big rawboned Texan from the oil fields really went to town:

"'Yes, I'll tell you what I think about it, but before I do, I'd like to tell you a little story.' He peeled back his sleeves revealing a brawny pair of arms. 'Do you see them there arms? Well, most of that there skin come from off the hide of a black man.'

"Then he told me the story of an oil field accident in which he had been horribly burned. His body needed skin for grafts. There was a huge black man who had worked beside him for many months, a black man who didn't talk much, but when the skin was needed, he just said: 'Take some of mine. I got plenty.'

"The Texan rolled his sleeves down and said: 'Now about that there blood. Them slobs back home had better forgit that stuff in a hurry. We're fighting a war over here, and if it takes a black man's blood to save a white man's life, he's gonna git that blood, and we don't care what they say back there. They better git on the ball or else they ain't gonna be allowed to have no blood."

The other is part of a letter from a soldier which appeared in the March issue of *Common Sense:*

"On this ship, I have run across a beautiful object lesson in the difference between a craven knuckling-down to prejudice and a forthright fight against it. It is a small Liberty ship; and I am the only Army officer aboard. The only other passengers are a merchant seaman who has had malaria, and six enlisted men, Negroes who had been working for a year and half building roads, barracks and airports in that inhuman heat. There is also a Navy gun crew aboard, consisting of a young ensign and twenty-four young sailors, all on their first trip.

Support the Lynn Case! *Fight Jim Crow in Uniform!*

The Lynn Committee to Abolish Segregation in the Armed Forces

Needs Your Help Today to:–

—*make a national issue* of the Supreme Court's attempt to dodge the Lynn case by a legalistic trick. The Lynn case is the only court test yet made of the anti-discrimination clause in the 1940 Draft Act. It is a concrete first step toward democratizing the Army's racial policies. The Supreme Court will rule on it finally next fall. *We need funds for a nation-wide educational campaign this summer.*

—*get tens of thousands of signatures* to a statement opposing racial segregation in the armed forces. This is in the form of "4 Questions to Candidates" asking them to take a clear and specific stand on the issue. It will be presented in August to all presidential and Congressional candidates, and their answers will be publicized. *We need funds to give these "4 Questions" wide circulation.*

—*publish a mimeographed news-letter* presenting in digest form the facts about race relations in the armed forces from week to week. This will be circulated among editors, radio commentators, columnists, educators, journalists and other key persons. The job is not being done now. *We need funds to collect and issue this material.*

—*fight such cases of individual injustice* as that of the 19 colored Seabees who were discharged last fall *without a hearing* after they had complained to their commanding officer about intolerable jimcrow treatment. These men, many of them volunteers, were discharged as "unfit" and "undesirable." *We need funds to make their story known, to explore possible legal angles.*

• *The Lynn Committee is the only organization set up specifically to fight for racial democracy in our armed forces.*

• *Among the sponsors of the Lynn Committee are Luigi Antonini, Roger Baldwin, Algernon Black, George S. Counts, John F. Finerty, Alain Locke, Dwight Macdonald, Carey McWilliams, A. Philip Randolph, Willard S. Townsend, and Oswald Garrison Villard.*

The Lynn Committee to Abolish Segregation in the Armed Forces,
360 West 125th St., New York 27, N. Y.

I WANT TO HELP. ENCLOSED IS $.....FOR THE FIGHT AGAINST JIM CROW IN UNIFORM. (Make checks payable to Nancy G. Macdonald, Treasurer)

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"I had no idea that anything was wrong until we were about a week out. I was down in the saloon one night, drinking coffee with the ensign and the ship's steward. The ensign began telling the steward that his men were complaining about having to eat with the Negroes. He asked the steward to arrange an eating schedule that would keep the two races apart. The steward's answer was diplomatic but firm. He pointed out that thirty men ate in a mess-room which seated twelve; that eating time was limited; and variation in schedule made it impossible to hold vacant seats. Then he added that the National Maritime Union, which had a union shop contract with the ship, tolerated neither discrimination nor discriminators. He said that he would risk his job if he allowed any segregation. The ensign, not a very forthright individual, took this as final and departed without further protest.

"I had kept quiet during the discussion, since it seemed to be going very well without my intervention. But after the ensign left, I began to question the steward to find out what had been going on. It seems that early in the trip the Navy boys had objected to the colored soldiers' use of the same showers and latrines. The union agent had been called in, and had gone straight to the captain to inform him that no segregation would be tolerated under the conditions of the union contract. The captain, a man of good will, agreed and backed him up. It looked as if the Navy was licked for once.

"Well, what does this prove? It proves, for one thing, that Negro-haters will back down if they find themselves facing a belligerent majority. It proves that anti-discrimination laws are enforceable. If a union like the NMU, puny in relation to the power of the Army and Navy, can enforce such rules, the services could too.

"The services' big argument is that mixed military outfits are impractical. If so, the practical solution to the whole problem—and the one that should have been adopted back in 1940—would have been the segregation of white Southerners in separate units, where they could stew in their own poison, without infecting men from the rest of the country. As it is we have lost a great opportunity to improve our democracy during this war, besides working a great injustice on the Negroes."

From the above data I think we can fairly infer that (1) the Army and Navy *could* do away with racial segregation if they wanted to, and (2) such a move would greatly improve race relations. Why then don't they do it? The answer is partly the natural conservatism of the military mind, but chiefly, I think, that the military authorities, like our civilian political and business leaders, represent a ruling class whose interests are well served by the old Roman imperialist policy of Divide and Rule. Whether in uniform or in mufti, Jim Crow is a most useful servant of the present social order in America. It is our job as radicals to show that this is what is behind military Jim Crow, and not any alleged "practical" reasons. The above evidence would seem to at least lay the foundation for such a demonstration.

DWIGHT MACDONALD

Books

A GUIDE FOR THE BEDEVILLED. By Ben Hecht. Scribner. $2.50.

I have the greatest respec'
For Benjamin Franklin Hech'
But all the *goyim*
Seem to annoy him
So he writes the most goshawful *drech.*

JOE GOULD

MOBILIZATION FOR ABUNDANCE. By Robert Nathan. Whittlesey House. $2.

Much ado about nothing. The former chairman of the Planning Committee of WPB has grafted the Keynesian analysis onto the arteriosclerotic body of free private enterprise. The result is anything but stimulating.

On the credit side is a praiseworthy attempt at simplified presentation of inherently complex economic concepts. Moreover, the author is well aware of the tremendous increase in our productive potential as a result of the war and the needlessness, even the stupidity, of continuing depressions and poverty in the midst of plenty.

However, as is true of all Keynesians, there is no realization of the fact that the volume of both savings and investment (offsets to savings) is a function of the rate and mass of profit. Thus, it is possible not only to overlook the basic contradictions of capitalism but to focus the role of government offsets to savings in the direction of public works projects that, for the most part, must compete with private entrepreneurs. Experience has shown that such competing State investments are not acceptable to the bourgeoisie. The directing minds of the capitalist class would like economic stability, but not at the price of their own abdication. Consequently, the stabilizing expenditures of the State must be in a noncompeting area; the only sizable one which suggests itself is the field of war outlays, direct or indirect. This is the basis for the clearly discernible trend toward a Permanent War Economy.

Discounting the gibberish about democracy being dependent on the preservation of free private enterprise, it is not at all clear how Nathan proposes to achieve an economy of abundance without the clear-cut State controls of the Keynesian system. Be that as it may, it is somewhat refreshing to have a leading economist state quite categorically that a total post-war product equivalent to $150 billion in 1943 prices is both necessary and possible. The establishment of this goal represents a step forward in the economic thinking of this country, but the methods proposed to achieve it constitute at least two steps backward.

WALTER J. OAKES

THE REPUBLIC. By Charles A. Beard. Viking. $3.

Using the dialogue form of Plato's *Republic,* but substituting stooges and strawmen for capable adversaries, Charles A. Beard here plays the village atheist, shocking his conventional listeners. But not shocking them too much, of course. For his book has been greeted with more than the customary fanfare reserved for those academic experts (Adams, Corwin, Nevins, Herring, Commager) who

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periodically report on the political plight of the nation. Not only is *The Republic* a literary event in that it is the latest work of the dean of American historians, but it has also enjoyed, through its serialization in *Life,* the greatest circulation ever given a work of this kind. Luce's editors were shrewd enough to realize that such a book, with its symbolic appeal of "Founding Fathers" constitutionalism, would have a tremendous attraction for millions of patriotic Americans and would also serve to bolster up the faith of those who are torn by doubts as to the future of this country.

Although Beard belabors the "theorists" and the European philosophers of history (who "could have served their people better had they studied *The Federalist* instead of Plato's *Republic*"), he not only involves himself constantly in philosophic and ethical problems, dictated by the very nature of his subject-matter, but he unwittingly has invented an historical theory of his own. It is a variation of the "homunculus-birth" idea: in the beginning was the Constitution which in its transcendent wisdom and potential elasticity served not only colonial America's interests but those of today, as well as tomorrow. Whenever Beard is challenged by obvious political derelictions, miscarriages of justice, or socio-economic maladjustments, his is the typical muck-raker's reply: the Constitution is impeccable but the wrong interpreters are in office. Once we grasp his basic assumption, his subsequent approach becomes clear. He is preoccupied with peripheral or derivative phenomena: legalistic minutiae, congressional techniques, court procedures, over-ambitious judges, etc. If, however, the Constitution is capable of such elastic interpretations, may there not be others besides Beard who have their own conceptions of "constitutionality"? It is just at this point that we have had so many legal controversies of late with their various emphases upon the "legitimate" powers of the executive, the legislative, and the judicial branches of government. The Constitution apparently fails at the very moment when it is being put to the test by specific life-situations. As the old saw has it, it is a good umbrella except when it rains.

In his treatment of the majority-minority issue Beard tries to dissociate himself from all those who presumably define democracy purely in terms of majority or plurality rule. This country, he informs us, was founded not upon democracy but upon constitutionalism, the difference being that the latter defends the rights of the minority against the possible tyranny of the majority. This is another example of Beard's verbal shadow-boxing. What serious political theorist of modern times has ever defined democracy as mere majority or plurality rule? Every elementary text-book on the subject discusses minority rights and, it might be added, on a theoretical plane equal to that of Beard's. He never analyzes rights in terms of their class origins and power, of concrete historical situations, or of their ever-changing status against the background of a rising and declining capitalism. His picture of the "Founding Fathers" learnedly discussing majority rule and minority rights has nothing in common with the constitutional machinery they actually designed to enforce their class rule and to defend themselves against a democratic upsurge of the masses. If bourgeois historians like Morison, Fisher, Minot, and Schlesinger admit this, then presumably Beard knows of it too. It is natural, therefore, that at no point in his discussion of rights, especially since the Civil War, does he seem to be concerned about "protecting" the majority (those alienated from the means of production) against the ruling minority. Since there is no apparent awareness on his part of this economic basis of class rule, it is not surprising that forms of political power which transcend the limitations of parliamentarianism are never introduced even for purposes of theoretical discussion.

Something should be said about Beard's whole intellectual attitude which is revealed in this book, because it helps to explain a great many of his judgments and methods of evaluation. In his professed contempt for "theory" he symbolizes perfectly the stereotype of the "down-to-earth", "commonsense", "factual" American. Whenever he is forced to theorize in his own field, he never gets beyond the obvious. When he ventures beyond it as, for instance, in his remarks on Vaihinger's "fictions", he is very shallow. One need only compare Morris Cohen's treatment of the same subject for a measure of Beard's philosophic stature. For all his "factual" propensities (and no one can minimize his documentary contributions) he is guilty at times of an annoying priggishness. For example, his failure, revealed in both this and in his other works, to grasp the significance of American imperialism and his attempts to provide an historical rationale for a benign isolationism are colored by a feeling of nationalistic superiority. He once wrote that the American revolutionary leaders were far wiser than all the European leaders, especially the Russians, because the Americans effected a revolution without dictatorial aftermaths. He merely assumes that all the European revolutions of the 18th, 19th, and 20th centuries took place under conditions similar to those which existed here. The only deciding factor in favor of American success was the superior intelligence of the "Founding Fathers"! Since Beard is counterposing and implying the superiority of American democratic processes to "European" techniques of power, it is interesting to record his conclusion on the pre-Civil War issue of state-rights: "The states did not possess the *force* to make good their claim." And in connection with rights, he informs us that people possess them whenever they have "competence enough to bring them into being, uphold, and *enforce* them." (italics mine)

No book by an academic political scientist today is ever really complete until it has contributed its efforts toward "refuting" those ideas which in some way may be directly or only vaguely connected with Marxism. Thus:

(a) "The struggle for commercial advantages and raw materials is not the chief cause of war" because, as Beard states, the Civil War was preceded by an era of "free trade." Moreover, he maintains, there were no trade barriers among the 48 states in 1933 and yet we suffered from a great depression.

(b) We are told that political parties are no longer expressions of class and group interests as they were before the Civil War, since both rich and poor voted for Hoover. Furthermore, political parties are "mysteries", e.g., those who voted in 1860 for the Republican Party did not vote for war, and yet war came. Beard offers this as an apt example of the intervention of "fate".

(c) "Politics is more of a determining force in history than economics".

And (d)—in a rather ironical vein—"communism is endless freedom".

Connected with these "refutations" of so-called Marxism, is the significant acclaim accorded the book by Sidney Hook, Louis M. Hacker, and John Chamberlain who found in its modifications of early Beardian economism (history now being discovered to be an "interplay of *ideas* and interests in the time-stream"), a further justification for their own Marxian revisionism. No less a figure than Beard himself is now being welcomed back into the fold.

GEORGE DOUGLAS

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PRODUCTION, JOBS AND TAXES. By Harold M. Groves. McGraw-Hill. $1.25.

This, the first research report to be published by the Committee for Economic Development, pretty much gives the show away. The C.E.D. was set up in August, 1942, by a powerful group of "enlightened" big businessmen. Their enlightenment consists in the fact that they recognize that business has a responsibility to produce at a rate after the war which will maintain a high rate of national income and which will provide jobs for all. This must be done, however, under the sign of "free enterprise". To reconcile these irreconcilables, the C.E.D. has called in the nation's most high-powered advertising men as well as a staff of eminent economists and ex-New Dealers. It is revealing, however, that the first big report the C.E.D. has put out should be only incidentally related to the full-employment aim. For what Dr. Groves devotes an impressive array of scholarship and economic argumentation to is quite simply a brief for lowering taxes on corporate enterprise and spreading them more widely over individuals. A third of the book is devoted to his proposal for "integrating" corporate and personal taxes, by which he means relieving corporations of taxes on all profits paid out in dividends. "The elimination of this duplication in corporate and personal taxes would result in a reduction of prices, or an increase in wages, or an increase in the peacetime rate of corporate profits, or some combination of these effects." One hardly needs a crystal ball to foresee which of these "effects" will be dominant.

D. M.

A SHORT HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By B. H. Sumner. Reynal & Hitchcock. $3.75.

Mr. Sumner does not follow the conventional chronological form. He considers seven basic influences which he thinks have shaped the development of Russia: the frontier, the form of the state, the land, the church, the Slav race, the sea and the impact of the West. Present history provides in each chapter the starting point from which—going back and forth over centuries—the author tries to explain recent developments thru reference to the history of the past.

The chapters which deal with Russia's foreign relations are rather dry and uninteresting, but in those which treat domestic developments—although Mr. Sumner is extremely favorable to Stalinism—his method is extremely fruitful.

I would recommend this book above all to those radicals who for years have been debating about recent Russian conditions almost exclusively in terms of abstract laws of economic and social development, taking post-revolutionary Russia as a test case without considering the particular historically determined features. We have all too much forgotten the specific *Russian* aspect of Stalinism. What we have been witnessing during the last quarter century in Russia is not only a new beginning, but also a continuation and development of a previous trend. This book should in some measure do the same service to the study of the Russian revolution as Tocqueville did for the study of the French revolution when he pointed out the many similarities and the continuity of a basic trend from Richelieu's centralizing tendencies to Robespierre's centralized Jacobin state.

There is little in Russia of the gradual organic progress from feudal society to absolutist monarchy to bourgeois state, which we find in Western Europe. Development was stimulated mostly by military needs and pushed along by administrative action. Franz Mehring once said of Prussia that this is not a state which keeps an army, but rather an army that keeps a state. This could be said with even more reason of Russia from the time of the two Ivans, but especially since Peter the Great.

The feudal links were always much less strong in Russia than in Western Europe, and the feudal nobility never achieved enough internal homogeneity to oppose an effective check to the central power. A bourgeoisie developed only slowly and belatedly. In the cringing merchant dependent on the Czar's favor, there is nothing of the proud burgher of the medieval Western town. No independent institutions similar to the Western European city communes exist; tsarism is permeated by the "idea of omnipotence of the state and of the derivative character of all other associations." The state has an unlimited range of action; it is considered "a creator and not merely the regulator of all associations within it."

With Peter the state becomes the direct economic motor. Production is concentrated on the needs of the army and the navy. Later there is a relaxation of state control but even in the 19th century industry was "directly or indirectly closely tied to the state." Every social function which in the West was carried on by independent organs became in Russia a function of the state. A distinction between the executive and the judicial domain was never really established; the judiciary like everything else was a part of the state apparatus. Modern education was introduced by Peter as a means to provide skilled army engineers and technicians. Even the church becomes—with Peter—completely subordinated to the state and a mere part of the administrative machinery. "After the final secularization of almost all the church land in 1764, the state simply kept for itself seven-eighths of the revenues from the church lands and doled out the residue to the clergy." There is nothing in Russia comparable to the conflict between the church and the state which for centuries shook the Western world to its very foundations.

Many historians long maintained that the Russian agricultural commune, the *MIR*, was a spontaneous co-operative association which owed nothing essential to the state. Later research has shown that on the contrary here again the state became an important motor of development. While the commune was not the mere product of administrative action it was developed and favored by the state. From the 16th century onward—because the administrative machinery was too weak to deal with individuals and therefore could deal with collective entities only—the commune

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was made collectively responsible for tax apportionment and became an exceedingly important link in the machinery of state control.

The state was all powerful, the bureaucracy was the octopus which lay over Russia like a terrific burden. And this bureaucracy was conscious of its role: between 1865 and 1905, Marx's *Capital* was freely sold in Russia, but all translations of Hobbes' *Leviathan* were forbidden.

"The principle and practice of elective institutions had a history in Russia, but it was thin, disconnected, and almost wholly subordinate to the history of the central power . . . The overriding claims of the state as against the individual had always obstructed or ridden roughshod over civil, let alone political liberties, and officials had always been to a greater or lesser extent privileged persons. There was no strong tradition of local self-government like in the rest of Europe—over-centralization and bureaucratic control of local and unofficial bodies were essential evils in Russian life."

Stalinism, of course, cannot be explained only, or even primarily, in terms of the "Russian tradition," but this tradition certainly makes for many of its specific features. There is more in common between Stalin and Peter the Great than many a Marxist has ever dreamt of.

LOUIS CLAIR

The Intelligence Office

Through an oversight, the Editor neglected to state in the last issue that Victor Serge's "The Revolution at Dead-End" is part of Chapter VI of his autobiography, which has not yet been published. The complete French manuscript of the autobiography, incidentally, is in the Editor's possession and is available for reading by any American publisher who might be interested in bringing it out.

George Novack, Secretary of the Civil Rights Defense Committee, 160 Fifth Ave., New York City, issued the following statement on June 12:

"The rulings today handed down by the U. S. Supreme Court setting aside the convictions in the Hartzel and Baumgartner cases stand in glaring contrast to the refusal of these same Justices in December 1943 even to consider the appeal of the 18 CIO truckdrivers and Socialist Workers Party leaders in the Minneapolis Labor Case. Although Hartzel and Baumgartner were convicted under the espionage Act of 1917, and the 18 union and Trotskyist leaders were convicted under the Smith "Gag" Act of 1940, these cases involve nothing but utterances, although of a diametrically opposite political character. The former were avowedly pro-fascist while the Minneapolis defendants are Marxist and pro-labor.

"In the Hartzel-Baumgartner cases involving anti-Semitic and pro-Nazi views and utterances, the Supreme Court has upset the lower court's verdict of 'guilty'. Yet it has three times refused to hear our appeal in the Minneapolis Labor Case which concerns the prosecution of CIO members and Socialist Workers Party leaders for their working class activities and revolutionary socialist opinions.

"What other conclusion can be drawn from these different decisions of the U. S. Supreme Court except this? According to the majority of the Justices, it is deemed permissible to disseminate race hatred and Hitlerite propaganda while it is a crime to propagate the ideas of Marx, Lenin and Trotsky, or to exercise free speech in defense of the democratic rights of labor."

Victor Serge writes from Mexico City to inform us of a tragic loss to the refugee circles there: the sudden death at the age of 52 of Dr. Friedrich Fraenckel, of angina pectoris, on June 21. "Fritz Fraenckel," writes Serge, "served as a doctor in the German Army in the last war. He collaborated with the Spartacists afterwards, and, out of independence of spirit, refused election to the central committee of the German Communist Party. In 1936 he gave up his scientific work to organize the medical service of the International Brigade in Spain. Life in a French concentration camp and the impact of the Moscow Trials gave his career a new orientation: a student of psychoanalysis for many years, he now began to think out the psychological problems of Nazism, of Stalinism, and, on the other hand, of socialism. A refugee in Mexico, with his companion, Franzi, he became our doctor, friend, adviser, and ideologue. . . . He had to struggle to make a living, but his house was always open to us, a friendly atmosphere of calm tolerance, where our discussions were pervaded by a scientific spirit at once strict and benevolent. He was the comrade of the last days of Otto and Alice Ruhle. . . . Fraenckel was frail and animated, with a big forehead, disorderly grey hair, the sharp chin of an old man, and blue eyes full of youth. Fond of music and bridge, often gay as a child, accustomed to walking the streets at any hour on his way to visit some sick comrade, always preoccupied with intellectual problems—such was Fritz Fraenckel. I have never known a man more deeply molded by mental activity, more open in his social relations, freer from bitterness and egoism, more tolerantly courageous in his convictions."

"HOODLUMS" AND PHARISEES

Is it too late to comment on the Kerr-Wilkins controversy, in the May POLITICS, over the role of Negro leaders in last summer's Harlem riot?

Mr. Kerr is correct in observing the essentially conservative nature of that leadership, and its unanimous condemnation of the Negro people for their infamous attack upon the sacred institution of private property. But to condemn *all* the people who participated in the riot (and there were thousands upon thousands of them) would be to acknowledge an estrangement between them and their "leaders," an additional motive for the latters' castigation of a small number of "hoodlums" as responsible for the outbreak.

Mr. Wilkins, who speaks for the liberal Negro leader, is evidently a respectable middle-class gentleman who has accepted the values of a society which persecutes his people. "The Negro . . . [must] apply corrective intra-group action to bring himself to accepted basic standards of behavior and performance," he says. Whose standards? Those of respectable gentlemen, schooled in our culture and profiting from it. Action against whom? The "criminal" lower-class Negro who is rebelling against that culture.

In these words are revealed the difference between a real and false leader of the Negro people. No one with social awareness could say, as does Mr. Wilkins, that "there were scores of incidents of pure, unadulterated vandalism and hooliganism in Harlem . . . " "Vandalism" and "hooliganism" are terms of abuse rather than comprehension;

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they imply an inherently malignant personality in the rioter and serve only to forestall the embarrassment of deeper analysis, which would show the Negro's "criminality" to be his unavoidable response to the infinitely greater criminality of American society.

"Every society has the criminals it deserves," said Lascussagne, and Eugene Debs, who quoted him with approval, added: "While there is a criminal element I am of it." What Negro leader will take his stand *with* the "hoodlums" of Harlem?

POWELLSVILLE, MD. HAROLD ORLANSKY

SOME ANSWERS FROM A COMMITTEE

In the last issue, we asked the Council for a Democratic Germany the following questions:

(1) *You claim to be against German militarism: What is your attitude toward the German Junkers and Generals who broadcast daily to Germany from Radio-Moscow under the sponsorship of the Union of German Officers and advocate a "strong and armed Germany?"*

(2) *You claim to oppose a splitting up of Germany: What is your attitude toward Russian offers of Eastern Prussia to Poland as a compensation for the loss of Eastern Poland?*

(3) *Are you going to protest against Russian demands at the European Advisory Commission in London for millions of German workers and soldiers to be shipped to Russia after the war and used as forced-labor battalions?*

(4) *Are you going to protest against the utterances of Soviet writers like Ilya Ehrenburg and Alexei Tolstoi, who clamor that millions of Germans should be destroyed "like dangerous microbes"?*

The Committee's answer follows:

In accepting your invitation to the Council for a Democratic Germany to answer the questions raised in your editorial, "Some Questions to a Democratic Committee" (Politics, June, 1944), permit me first to correct certain misstatements about our membership. You call the majority of the Council a "host of innocents and not-so-innocents." But these people are tested anti-Nazi liberals, Socialists, Social Democrats and Catholic Centrists, most of them able to look back upon life-long service in German democratic movements. You name certain Social Democrats in particular among this group and say that they are "afraid that they might not be able to play a role again without permission from Moscow," and that they "are now busily building bridges." We would have expected more consideration from American liberals, for people who have resisted Nazism at great personal sacrifice for eleven years. But, leaving personal merit aside, do you judge the majority of De Gaulle's Committee or of the Bonomi Government in the same way, because both of these bodies include Communist delegations? Do you think that Dies Committee methods should be applied in Europe after Hitler, or do you think that a sincere effort should be made by democratic movements to cooperate with all genuine anti-fascists in a spirit of tolerance and cooperation?

The answers to your questions follow:

1. The Declaration of the Council for a Democratic Germany requests the elimination of German militarism. It specifically speaks of a "disarmed Germany," which, "together with the rest of the nations of Europe must be fitted into the framework of the system of international security." It adds that, "in addition those groups which were the bulwarks of German militarism and which were responsible for the delivery of power into the hands of the Nazis, must be deprived of their political, social and economic power." Furthermore, in a letter to the "New Leader," as Chairman of the Council, I recently stated that our organization had no connection whatever with the Moscow Free Germany Committee, nor, of course, with the "Union of German Officers," which advocate a strong and armed Germany. But the Council, opposing any unilateral settlement in Europe, imposed by either the East or the West, of course, also rejects certain Western ideas for getting along, after Hitler's defeat, with moderate Nazis in the public administration and under the leadership of some German Badoglio.

2. The Council has not only opposed the splitting up of Germany, it specifically stated "it would be disastrous for the future of Europe if Germany were to be dismembered and split up economically and politically. This would create a fertile soil for new pan-Germanist movements. It would prevent Germany from assuming responsibilities . . . and shift this heavy burden to other nations. It would create an irredentism which might very well become the greatest such movement of all times. Useful energies of the victorious nations would be consumed in the permanent task of suppressing this irredenta." The compensation offered to the Poles in the East is an unofficial commitment of all three of the Great Powers at the present time. The Council is opposed to such offers, from whatever side they come. "To abandon the principles of the Atlantic Charter in *one* decisive case, means to abandon them in general." (from the Declaration of the Council.)

3. The Declaration of the Council asks for the conservation of the productive power of Germany in the interests of European reconstruction. It is opposed to forced labor; it is opposed to any measures which would endanger international labor standards.

4. The Council is opposed to Vansittartism in any form and any language, whether expressed by Lord Vansittart, Rex Stout, or Ilya Ehrenburg and Alexi Tolstoi. While rejecting the Russian form of Vansittartism, the Council is aware that it was Hitler Germany which attacked Russia, devastated her land and murdered her people. It recognizes the obligations of the German people towards all the countries which were victims of Hitlerism and it appreciates the great accomplishments of Soviet Russia in smashing the Nazi war Machine as well as the accomplishments of the other Allies.

CHAIRMAN, ORGANIZING COMMITTEE
COUNCIL FOR A DEMOCRATIC GERMANY
PAUL TILLICH

—We are glad to print these replies to our questions, though we regret they are not as blunt as the questions were pointed.

In (1), *for example, Dr. Tillich implies, but refrains from stating, that his Council does not look with favor on the Moscow "Union of German Officers". The Council,*

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he writes, "has no connection whatever" with the Officers' Union. But we think the Council should *have a connection, namely a hostile one, if it is serious about its opposition to German militarism.*

On (2) *the answer is the most precise of the four, perhaps because Dr. Tillich remembers the fate of the London counterpart of his Council, which split in two over this very question. Yet even here, the guilt for lopping off East Prussia is distributed equally among "all three of the Great Powers", whereas any child knows—and Dr. Tillich is no child—that the only reason for giving Poland East Prussia is that Russia insists on having Eastern Poland.*

The answers to (3) *and* (4) *are also more diplomatic than forthright. The Council's general opposition to forced labor may be logically presumed to include opposition to Russia's demands, but why not say so explicitly? And in rejecting Russian Vansittartism, Dr. Tillich feels it necessary to throw in a salute to the Russian people—but why not also apologize for British Vansittartism on the same grounds? England was also cruelly ravaged by the Nazis, and her people also fought back with heroism.*

The motives for Dr. Tillich's cautiousness in criticising Soviet policy toward postwar Germany are clear enough. What is significant is that, when asked point-blank, the Council for a Democratic Germany has been forced to repudiate—however diplomatically—the main lines of Russian policy in this area. Otherwise it would have stultified itself. That it does repudiate Soviet policy attests to the sincerity of the bulk of its members, but that it does so in such ambiguous terms and with obvious hopes of somehow working with Soviet Russia after the war—this is no great compliment either to the Council's courage or its political intelligence.

Dr. Tillich asks whether we think Stalinists should be excluded by "Dies Committee methods" from groups like his Council, or "a sincere effort should be made . . . to cooperate with all genuine anti-fascists". (POLITICS, *incidentally, is a radical, not a liberal magazine.) Since we do not consider Stalinists "genuine anti-fascists"—or genuine anything else except Stalinists—we have to embrace the first alternative (though not on the Dies level). As the Council's own replies to our questions show, Russia's policies are at certain cardinal points opposed to the Council's aims. All of us should have had enough experience by now to know that Stalinists are energetic, well-disciplined, devoid of moral scruples, and backed up by an enormously powerful state apparatus. It is doubtless true that the majority of members of Dr. Tillich's Council are not Stalinists, but a minority are, and it is always remarkable how much a coordinated, disciplined, energetic, and unscrupulous nucleus of Stalinists can accomplish in a much larger group of less politically active and sophisticated liberals. Experience also teaches us that whatever line this minority follows is adopted in the interests of Soviet Russia* only, *that the Council's Stalinists are no more interested in a democratic Germany than the American Communists are interested in the fate of the American labor movement. If they play along with the Council now, it is because Stalin, as often, seems to be playing a double game with Germany, keeping two contradictory lines of policy going at once, until he sees which way the cat will jump. And when the cat does jump, we may be sure the Stalinists on the Council will jump also, and most probably with disastrous results to the Council—ED.*

PAMPHLET PUBLISHER WANTED

Will you be kind enough to let me know whether you intend to publish the excellent and informative articles of Peter Meyer on "The Soviet Union: A New Class Society" in pamphlet form? It would be a pity if this excellent study should remain buried in a magazine which, unfortunately, is still very little known.

NEW YORK CITY STEPHEN NAFT

—Mr. Naft's suggestion is a good one, but POLITICS *unhappily is not as yet a big enough enterprise to allow us to go into the pamphlet field. But we should be delighted to make Mr. Meyer's articles, or any others in our pages, available to groups or individuals who want to re-issue them as pamphlets.—ED.*

MORE READER REACTIONS

I'm not sure how I like POLITICS. I think there has been an improvement in the three numbers, and the face-cleaning was definitely to the good. The reviews might be pepped up a bit, but the comment on articles is an excellent feature which could probably stand expansion. . . . My two most fundamental criticisms relate to the tone and content. The tone is heavy: there's too much of the socialist-philosophical, these-are-weighty-matters attitude in it. I think, you need a touch of Mac Coleman. There's just too much of the *Enquiry* and *Retort* sort of thing. Also, the matter is too largely labor, and too largely centered on the East-of-the-Hudson offshoot of Europe. Out here in the provinces, I find it difficult to believe that labor offers anything but a bulwark to capitalism, war and imperialism. I can't follow the general line of thought that seems to prevail in New York that Labor can be made into a liberal force.

But having said these things, I'm not too sure about them. I'm sure that they do not add up to a dislike of POLITICS, and I'm reserving judgment—in the light of considerable improvement in three numbers—on the paper as a whole.

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN WILLIAM B. HESSELTINE

Being a more or less cautious person, I have waited for the third issue of POLITICS to write you about it. Your April issue is excellent. The piece on the intellectuals, though somewhat professorial, was a fine, well-formulated job; "The Cause that Refreshes" was in the best tradition of incisive political satire—in short, an issue of which you may well be proud. I read it with the same keen pleasure with which I used to read the old "Freeman", "The Nation" and "The Dial" back in the days immediately following the last world war. And that is high praise.

A few suggestions: your cover page is morose and unimaginative. If you insist on using that reverse plate, at least do it in a livelier color than black, or perhaps change the color from month to month. Also, the complete absence of illustrations of any kind has a tendency to make page after page seem far too somber. Short book reviews, while frequently interesting, have a tendency to become tricky and smart alecky.

Once again, my congratulations for a magazine which almost alone has the fortitude to stand up against the war and to expose the tragic consequences which even now begin to manifest themselves.

NEW YORK CITY CHARLES YALE HARRISON

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I have just a few lines to write, in regards to my comment towards your magazine and they are all good! I believe the most important object in my case is that I am a sailor.

My purpose in bringing out this is for the benefit of you many civilians, whom I think are not at all appreciative that you "have the say", and aren't doing it. I refuse to agree with those who give the false excuse that "we are doing all we can." You have not done all until we in the service come home to large circles of intellectuals. Where you get them is your problem!

I feel that other liberals and progressives in the service are of the same opinion. There is not a move we are permitted to make in the left direction. . . . We are the real ones in chains, and never let it be said from the civilian. Our minds are smothered with the various (feudalistic) rules governing us and there be no escape.

So let us read POLITICS and discover something of the elite of our working class. Help keep that flame of Socialistic ideals burning within us. Your monthly is one of the few sources to receive the information desired. We praise POLITICS and its Staff and contributors in grave hopes of its continuation, AND A SUCCESSFUL FUTURE.

Best regards,

MARINE BARRACKS JUST A SAILOR
U. S. A.

Please transfer my life subscription to some library or individual who would like it. I am not interested. — LAKEVILLE, CONN.

I am enjoying POLITICS mightily. Of especial interest to me was your article in first issue, "A Theory of Popular Culture," which I found meaty and revelatory. I appreciate highly your department "Free and Equal". While I have always been cognizant of the Negro problem in U. S., since I have come to live in the South—in spite of myself—the problem has progressed malignantly to a personal, constant irritant—I feel ashamed to be a member of the Supreme White Race and want to engage in apologetics for my apparent complicity in its doings. — MACON, GA.

I have just finished reading the February, March and April issues and I found the magazine the most stimulating and interesting monthly I have seen for many a day. The editor's comments on current events are profound, excellent. The book reviews could be, in some instances, more thorough. The series by Peter Meyer and the article by Walter J. Oakes were excellent reading.—BELLAIRE, O.

Your magazine is swell. You can't realize what it means to receive it here.—FORT KNOX, KY.

I've enjoyed reading each issue of POLITICS. I think it is getting better all the time. I especially liked the article on the Soviet Union, and the editor's comment about the similarities between the political and economic systems in Germany and Russia.—FORT BRAGG, N. C.

Your paper is interesting, but a little unconstructive. The best of luck, anyway.—MONTREAL, CANADA.

For me your mag means one of the very few ways to get an independent critical slant. I happen to be a critical pro-war-er and hope you can get someone occasionally to present that view strongly—MT. RAINER, MD.

I like POLITICS very well. I read every copy over several times.—WARREN, ORE.

Please do *not* continue my subscription. I do not understand enough of your allusions to people and things. Best feature is "Popular Culture".—NEW HAVEN, CONN.

You deserve the help of every sincere liberal; you represent the real radicals. If the excellence of your publication continues at its present level, I can bid *The Nation* and *The New Republic* farewell without regrets.—NEW YORK CITY.

CONTRIBUTORS

GABRIEL J. DE ANGELIS is Educational Director of Local 365, United Automobile Workers (CIO). . . . NICCOLO TUCCI was in the Italian diplomatic service until 1939; he has since worked for the Office of War Information and the Union for Democratic Action, and is now trying to make an honest living by free-lance writing. . . . DAVID T. BAZELON is a young Chicago writer; this is his first published story. . . . DON CALHOUN has taught sociology and written for sociological magazines. Receiving a medical discharge after spending 9 months in a CPS Camp he is now Executive Secretary, Peace Section, American Friends Service Committee, Northwest Branch. . . . GEORGE S. SCHUYLER is business manager of *The Crisis* and columnist for *The Pittsburgh Courier*. . . . KENNETH M. STAMPP teaches history at the University of Maryland. . . . LAURA WOOD lives in Washington, D. C. . . . JOE GOULD lives mostly in New York City, where he works on his "Oral History of the World". . . . WALTER J. OAKES is a young economist who lives in Brooklyn.

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